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THE LAST OF THE MUS-QUA-KIES



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THE LAST
OF THE
MUS-QUA-KIES
AND THE
INDIAN CONGRESS

1898

BY
HORACE M. REBOK



DATTON, OHIO
W. E. FUNK, PUBLISHER
1900

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FEB 19 1901

Dedication.

**TO JOSEPH TESSON, INTERPRETER, FRENCH-
INDIAN, SOLDIER, AND FRIEND OF
BOTH THE RED MAN AND
THE WHITE RACE.**

INTRODUCTION.

"Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity.

* * * * *

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!"

As civilization grows older in our country, the Indian, once a theme for romance and song, becomes a subject for our philosophy. The object of the white man's benevolence and malevolence, his assimilation has been slow. Mixture with French, Spanish, Negro, Mexican, and Anglo-Saxon breeds has not improved his kind. The virus of our blood and the poison of our still have left him a degenerate, and a full-blood is as highly prized among the pupils of an Indian school as a thoroughbred among a herd of bronchos.

The Indian has been fading. Pious priests and kindly sages could not save him from brigand and bully. To the frontier ruffian the Indian presented claims for the survival of his race surpassed by those of the fox, wolf, and buffalo, and the soldier was relied upon to consummate the work of his assimilation. What rum, the ruffian, and the soldier could not accomplish for civilization was left to the missionary and the teacher.

The Indian population of the United States, including mixed bloods, exclusive of Alaska, is less than the fourth part of a million souls. Whole tribes that were powerful when the French fortified the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes are now extinct, while other tribes have been reduced to mere remnants of their former strength. The Indian and the American are now pitted against each other at the ratio of one to three hundred. And still I repeat an old, old question, "How long will the racial instincts of the Indian last?"



THE REMNANT OF A MIGHTY RACE.

THIS brief narrative is of a people especially interesting among the tribes of North American Indians on account of their innate ability to resist the forces of that environment which we call civilization.

Four hundred members of a prehistoric race, residing on a little less than eight acres of land, per capita, among the hills, groves, and meadows which skirt the banks of the beautiful Iowa River, enjoying the rude, wild life, and cherishing the customs of their ancestors of centuries ago, relishing the dog feast and growing zealous in the medicine dance, marrying and divorcing as their fathers did before the light of Christianity reached the banks of the Mississippi River,¹ without church-house or school,² or a single communicant of Protestant or Catholic faith, although for many years devoted missionaries have faithfully ministered to their physical wants and zealously tried to make the story of Christ music to their barbaric ears and comfort to their disquieted souls, clinging firmly and steadfastly in life and in the hour of death to the superstitions of their ancestral warriors, has been such an anomaly in the history of North American Indians as has staggered the faith of the most zealous believers in the capacity of the American people for the assimilation of a race alien to our blood and institutions, but native to our soil. But such is no overdrawn picture of Indian life as it is presented by a little band of Musquakies,³ as they have resided in the heart of the great and progressive State of Iowa for half a century.

¹ In the Musquakie tongue, *Messa sepo*, great river.

² A day-school, with one teacher, was maintained at Federal expense at irregular periods, 1876-1897, but was a failure. In 1896, Congress appropriated thirty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a boarding-school, which was opened September, 1898, and closed its first year, June 30, 1899, with an attendance of fifty pupils, but the following year many of the Indians withdrew their children from the school.

³ The spelling here used is that adopted by the Indians themselves and by the people of Iowa among whom they reside. Francis Parkman uses the form *Musquawkies* in his "A Half-Century of Conflict," and the Smithsonian

There have been many erroneous notions in vogue as to the meaning of the name and the date of its origin. A story has been current that the name originated at the outbreak of the Black Hawk war, and that it signifies "coward," and was applied to the Foxes by the Sacs as a term of reproach because they refused to take part in the hostilities led by Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs. No interpretation could be further from the truth. The name is of much earlier origin, and is believed to have been the ancient name used among Indians to distinguish this tribe from other tribes before they came in contact with the white man. Literally translated, the name means red earth,¹ and every Musquakie interrogated on the subject will maintain with great earnestness that when the Indian race was created, his tribe was the first created, was made of red earth, and as soon as the *Keeche Man-i-to*, or Great Spirit, had created them, he pronounced the word, "Musquakie," and gave it to them as a name for their people forever, thus distinguishing and honoring above all others the first tribe created. The Musquakies were known in the Algonquin tongue as the *Outagamies*, signifying "foxes," from which the French called them Renards, and the Americans, Foxes, and they are the Foxes of the confederated tribe known in treaties with the Federal Government as the Sac and Fox of the Mississippi. The Sacs now live in Oklahoma, the Foxes, in Iowa.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE MUSQUAKIES.

The Musquakies of Iowa are the remnant of a mighty race that played a conspicuous part in the tragic scenes of the great Northwest while England and France were struggling for vantage-ground among the warring tribes of that covetable territory; and later in the early days of our Republic, when the pioneers with their families and little fortunes were laying the foundation for the present States of Illinois and Wisconsin, and blazing a pathway for civilization in the vast region beyond. Prior to the middle of the eighteenth century the Musquakies were a distinct nation, and for a full century they had swayed to and fro through the forests and over the prairies of the Northwest, the terror of

Institute has adopted the spelling Muskwak; but I know of no reason why either of these forms should be preferred to the local spelling, Musquakies. In a certificate of good character given the chief of the tribe in 1824 by John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, and in possession of the present chief of the tribe, these people are referred to as the Musquaky Nation. "Their real name is Musquakies."—*Note to Paris Doc. II., N. Y. Col. Hist., IX., 161.*

¹ *Mus-qua*, red, and *hie* or *kee*, earth.

every other tribe and the firebrands of civilization.¹ Their earlier haunts are hidden among the mysteries of the unwritten history of the continent, but tradition clearly points to their having once lived along the waters of the St. Lawrence, while there is some evidence that Rhode Island was their home before the internecine conquests of the Iroquois had made the ancient habitations of weaker tribes a solitude, and driven their surviving members into the wilderness of the West. Caleb Atwater, who was a commissioner of the United States at the Indian conference at Prairie du Chien in 1829, and who visited the Musquakies in their village on the west bank of the Mississippi opposite Rock Island,² declared that the Foxes, according to their account of themselves, must have resided in Rhode Island originally, and have been driven from thence on the death and overthrow of King Philip. "I have arrived at this conclusion very unexpectedly to myself," says Mr. Atwater, "from the very correct description of the physical features of that district and the clear and interesting account they gave me of those wars." There can be little doubt that the Musquakies once inhabited the country along the Atlantic seaboard, but the time of their migration to the Northwest must have been before King Philip's War. This zealous and ill-fated Wampanoag chief was overthrown in 1676, and as early as 1634³ Jean Nicolet, serving under Samuel de Champlain, governor of New France, in hope of finding a westward passage to China by way of the Great Lakes, made his way to the west shore of Lake Michigan and the Green Bay country, and recorded the presence of the Foxes among the Indian tribes in that locality.⁴ And again, in 1667, or nine years before Philip's conspiracy against the settlers of Massachusetts, Claude Allouez, a French Jesuit, who came as a missionary among the Algonquin tribes about the Great Lakes, found on the Wolf River, in Wisconsin, a Musquakie village containing a thousand warriors.⁵ At that time this number of warriors represented a camp of nearly five thousand souls, and it is therefore evident that the great body, if not all, of the Musquakies had passed from the east side of the Great Lakes to the Green Bay country at an earlier date. These Indians relate to this day that the first white men their people saw were Englishmen; the next nationality they came in

¹ Parkman's "A Half-Century of Conflict," Vol. I., Ch. XIV., The Outagamie War.

² Ossem Menes, Rock Island.

³ Cartier to Frontenac—Winsor, 152.

⁴ Wisconsin State Historical Society, Report III., 126.

⁵ The Jesuit Relation, LI., 43.



A FOREST HOME.

contact with was the French; that the French were hostile to them and allied other tribes against them and finally drove them westward and across the lakes.¹ The stories of the stirring events that filled these years with deeds of war and scenes of carnage, and finally wrought such havoc in the life of the tribe, are subjects for tradition and camp-fire tales to this day among the elders of the tribe. In the warm summer days it is not uncommon to see an old man with his blanket spread upon the ground and himself disrobed of all garments excepting the breech-cloth, basking in the sunshine and teaching his grandchildren and the young men of the tribe the traditions of former years when the Musquakies acknowledged no sovereign and feared no foe.

Among the Indian population focused near the Green Bay of Lake Michigan and on Fox River, in 1712, Francis Parkman mentions the "Outagamies, or Foxes, a formidable tribe, a source of endless trouble to the French." What the Iroquois had been in the East in the seventeenth century, the Musquakies were in the Northwest about a century later. The French sought to hold all the tribes of the Northwest in friendly alliance, and the Dutch and English traders of the East, through the friendly mediation of the Iroquois and the temptation of cheap rum, planned to disturb the tranquillity of the French and designed to destroy their fur trade. A firm alliance was formed with the Kickapoos and Mascoutins, with the Rock River² as a base of operation, and with these allies the Musquakies held sway over nearly all of the present States of Illinois and Wisconsin.³ They thus sought to beat back the Eastern tribes from encroaching upon the west and to hold the Sioux and other tribes from encroaching upon them from the west and north and opening up communication with the East. The tribes occupying middle ground and refusing to ally their destinies with that of the Musquakies were doomed to flight or the cruel fate of the war club and scalping-knife. In their wars for dominion the Musquakies were tireless, relentless, and wantonly bloody, and themselves finally offered a greater sacrifice to their inordinate ambition than any other tribe of the Northwest suffered for similar reason. Other tribes there were who suffered total extinction in defensive warfare, but there were none whose numbers were so reduced from love of conquest.

¹ "This powerful and restless tribe play a conspicuous part in history, being the only Algonquin tribe on whom the French ever made war."—*Shea, in Wis. Hist. Col. III., 127.*

² Ossem-a-sepo, from ossem, rock, and sepo, river. The connecting vowel is here introduced solely for euphony, as is common in the language of the tribe, which is much more rhythmical than that of many of their Algonquin neighbors.

³ N. Y. Col. Hist., IX., 888.

In the spring of 1712 the Musquakies, with a small band of Mascoutin allies, numbering in all about three hundred warriors and seven hundred old men, women, and children, suddenly appeared before Fort Detroit. Friction between the commandant of the fort and the Indians soon arose and subsequently led to open hostilities and to one of the bloodiest battles in the history of Indian warfare. The French were now able to ally against the Musquakies every tribe that had suffered loss of dominion or prowess at their hands, and when the outbreak came the Musquakies found arrayed against them not only the French garrison, but deadly enemies from among the warriors of the Hurons, Ottawas, Pottawottomies, Ojibwas, Misisagus, Sacs, Menominees, Illinois, Missouries, and "other tribes yet more remote." Among this motley crowd, outnumbering the Musquakies four to one, were haughty warriors whose hearts wrung with revenge for wrongs unatoned, but when the war-whoops arose from the French fort a furious and defiant answer came hot from the throats of the Musquakies. For nineteen days a murderous siege was kept up between the opposing hordes of savages, and then the Musquakies evaded their foes under cover of the night and intrenched themselves again a few miles distant, only to surrender to a miserable fate four days later. The men who did not escape in the night were shot to furnish amusement for their captors, and the women and children were carried into slavery as the spoils of war.¹

The French were making a desperate struggle to control the fur trade of the West. With peace among the tribes their chances were good, but with inter-tribal wars and attacks on their traders the thrifty merchants of New York were sure to demoralize their trade. The memories of Detroit were fresh in the minds of all when the Musquakies revived their old feud with the Illinois.² It was an unhappy day for both the French and the Musquakies when, influenced by English traders or seized by a savage frenzy, the bonds of peace were again broken between Father Onantio and his children. From this time until their subjugation in 1732 the forests of the Northwest rung with the hideous war-cries of Musquakie demons scenting for the blood of the French and their allies.

For a time the French sought the pacification of the tribe by every means of cajolery and intimidation. At one time the Mus-

¹ Parkman, "A Half-Century of Conflict," I., 270-286.

² Report, Lewis and Clark, American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I., 711., "To them is justly attributed the almost entire destruction of the Missouries, the Illinois, the Cahokias, Kaskaskias, and Peorias."

quakie prisoners were burned to death by slow fire as a warning to their survivors, and again, their prisoners were returned unharmed as an evidence of love and friendship.¹ But it was the hazard of the cost that gave the French pause. To strike and fail stayed the hand of not only the commandants of the French forts, but called from the king an order to chance not blood and treasure in so doubtful an undertaking.²

The Musquakies were skilled in the arts of statecraft to a surprising degree, in the hard school of experience. The impending danger of racial extinction had made their minds as active and resourceful as their limbs nimble. From the very nature of the contest, hostilities could not be limited to the French on one side and the Musquakies on the other, but other tribes were compelled to ally their fortunes with one or the other antagonist. Alliances were easily made and enforced, and when another peace conference was proposed at Montreal, in 1718, it is distinctly mentioned that "Ouchata and the war chiefs of the Foxes, *with a train of their allies*, the Puans (Winnebagoes), Sauks, Kickapoos, Mascoutins, and Sioux" were invited. The contest here going on was more than individual revenge or tribal frenzy. The people of the Algonquin tongue had been thrown into the Northwest country with the Huron-Iroquois on the east, the Dakotas on the west, and a strange people from over the sea, with strange tongues, were closing in upon them from both the north and the south. To the Musquakies, the only way out was to fight their way out, and they became at once the representatives and champions of the instincts of their race.

Events were now crowding upon each other to hasten the final struggle between nature and her despoiler, as if earth thirsted again for the blood of her children. Shall a Frenchman or an Englishman tan a mink hide or get the profit on a pelt?—that was the question. France soon determined that her trade could not exist in the new territory so long as the Musquakies continued a formidable power, and, since they could not be pacified, they must be exterminated. The king determined this course, and in 1723 the colonial minister declared, "His majesty will reward the officer who will reduce, or rather destroy them." The Canadian governors, fearing the outcome, were slow to undertake the task, and the hour was deferred when tempest and storm should be

¹ *Memoir De Lignery*, 1726, Wis. Hist. Col. I., 22-23.

² *Memoire du Roy* 29 April, 1727, cited by Parkman. This order was about three years after the Colonial Minister of France declared the king's policy toward the Musquakies by announcing to the army in America that "his majesty will reward the officer who will reduce, or rather destroy them." Also, *Paris Docs.*, VIII., N. Y. Col. Hist., IX., 1005.

stilled by the agonies of an expiring race. When the crisis came the Musquakies hazarded all for the religion of their fathers. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth was the inspiring doctrine that guided each blow, whether directed by a savage or a Christian, and earth drank deep of the blood of both. What savagery the instincts of the race did not give, French brandy, English rum, and the duplicity of the white man supplied. The French had planned an unequal match, and were fanning the embers of ancient animosities against the Musquakies about the camp-fires of every tribe that emissaries could reach, and were welcoming every means that could be evoked in assisting them in the mad determination to exterminate their dreaded foes. In the earlier years of this internecine conflict, the Kickapoos and Mascoutins were allies of the Musquakies, but in the final blow, dealt by a union of the Hurons, Iroquois, and Ottawas, in the winter of 1732, they gave aid and comfort to the foes of their former friends.¹ The disasters of that winter were so great that frequent stories were current, and even one semi-official report was made that the Musquakies had been exterminated.² As we now well know, this report, so pleasing to the French, did not prove to be true. The Musquakies had been greatly weakened and deeply humiliated, but not destroyed. In 1667, before their conquests for dominion over the hunting-grounds between the Green Bay country and the Rock River, their warriors numbered a thousand strong. In 1718, six years after the disasters met at Fort Detroit, they were reported as five hundred warriors; in 1728, as two hundred; and in 1736, as having been reduced to one hundred.³ But even with this small fighting force, peace did not come to the French forts and to the Musquakie villages until after Canada and the Northwest were transferred to Great Britain in 1763, at the close of the French and Indian Wars.

¹ Parkman's "A Half-Century of Conflict," I., 330.

² Relation de la Défaite des Renards par les Sauvages Hurons et Iroquois, le 28 Fev. 1732.—*Archives de la Marine*, cited by Parkman.

³ These figures are taken from French official reports found in N. Y. Col. Hist. In considering the population of the tribe at these different periods, it must be taken into account that prior to these wars the number of warriors was a much more accurate index to the population of the tribe than after the wars. Although women and children suffered greatly, their numbers were not reduced in the same proportion as those actively engaged. The report of 1718 says, "They number five hundred men and abound in women and children." "This nation, now migratory, consists, when not separated, still of one hundred men bearing arms."—N. Y. Col. Hist., IX., 1055, *Enumeration of Indian Tribes, 1736*. Same authority gives Sakis (Sacs) at one hundred and fifty, but remarks that others count only one hundred and twenty.



A TYPICAL GROUP.

THE SAC AND FOX CONFEDERACY.¹

Following the disasters of the recent wars, a closer alliance than previously existed was formed between the Foxes and the Sacs.² The two tribes closely resembled each other in language, customs, and religion, and evidently had sprung from a common stock. Previous to their great reduction in the sanguinary conflicts of the preceding half-century, each tribe had asserted an independent sovereignty which found them as often arraigned against each other as in mutual defense. The new confederacy sought to terminate intertribal war and to strengthen the common defense. To these ends mutual obligations were imposed, but there was little community of interest or feeling beyond that arising from military necessity, and whether or not the terms of the compact warranted the steps, each tribe afterwards maintained the right to declare war and make treaties of peace, with both their white neighbors and with other Indian tribes, without the consent of the other party to the alliance. The new confederacy was not a new nation, even in the meager sense in which that term was understood among Indian tribes. It was merely an alliance defensive, and for the cessation of hostilities. Denationalization never took place on the one hand and assimilation on the other. Even the linking of the two tribes together in later years in treaties by the Federal Government did not amalgamate them, and no error could be more palpable than the popular one made by many writers and Government officials that they were "as one people." The ancient clans and a perfect line of chieftanship have been handed down in each tribe to the present day.

From the time of this alliance until the social dissolution of the

¹ In his autobiography, page 15, Black Hawk says that the union of the two tribes took place on the Sac River in Wisconsin—"The Foxes abandoned their villages and joined the Sacs,"—but this Sac chief claims no further prestige for his nation by admitting that the arrangement was "mutually obligatory upon both parties." Fox tradition has it that the Sacs *came over* to the Foxes. If the union took place on the Sac River, the tribes did not long remain there, for the first military demonstration against them was within ten years after the formation of the confederacy and resulted in their expulsion from the Fox River in 1746. Prior to this union the Foxes had been the dominant tribe and in some of the early French documents the tribes are referred to as the "Fox and Saguis," notwithstanding the more euphonious and now generally accepted appellation, "Sac and Fox."

² At best we have only tradition and circumstantial evidence to assist us in fixing the time of this alliance, but it clearly took place after 1732 and prior to 1746, and the logical conclusion seems to be that it followed soon after the disasters of the former date. In 1729 the Foxes proposed a union with the Sinnekes (Senecas), and this was encouraged by the English authorities, but was prevented by the duplicity of a French trader who was in the Seneca country.—*N. Y. Col. Hist.*, V. 911.

confederacy more than a century later, the movements of both tribes were mainly by the same rivers, over the same prairies, and through the same forests. By the two rivers of Wisconsin bearing the tribal names, the Sac and the Fox, the camp-fires of both nations burned brightly during the days of feasting and dancing in celebration of buried animosities and friendships resurrected. But the monotony of peace soon made the Foxes restive. As well cage an Abyssinian lion behind bars of bamboo as restrain a Musquakie warrior of the eighteenth century by the fetters of peace. Where books are short, memories are long; and the chastisements by the French were both unforgotten and unforgiven. Within a decade after their last humiliation, the Foxes again became a deadly menace to the French and levied heavy tribute on every cargo that sought passage through the Fox River.¹ This unwise course again cost the Foxes dearly, and in 1746 they, with their allies, were driven from the river bearing their name, and took refuge on the waters of the Wisconsin. The Sacs now established themselves in two well-constructed villages at Prairie du Sac, and the Foxes at Prairie du Chien, where they were later joined by the Sacs. For a hundred years the tribes followed the current of the Wisconsin to its confluence with the Mississippi and thence down that noble stream as far as the mouth of the Missouri. On its beautiful banks and in its fertile valleys burned the lodge fires of three generations. In the main, the Foxes kept to the west bank of the Mississippi and the Sacs to the east. When the hunting and trapping season came in the fall of 1766, a general movement of Sacs set in from the Wisconsin towards the Rock River, and the following spring of 1767 witnessed busy scenes of village making and maize planting in the triangular valley formed by the confluence of the Rock River with the Mississippi, the establishment of Saukenuk made memorable in the traditions of the Sacs by the birth of the noted war chief Black Hawk, in the first year of its existence, and made famous sixty-five years later by the heroic but ill-advised efforts of that intrepid

¹ A story persistently told, but concerning which Parkman says contemporary documents are silent, runs like this: "A French trader named Marin determined to put an end to this sort of piracy on the Fox River, and accordingly organized a company of soldiers and Menominee Indians with whom he surprised and defeated the Foxes, first at Little Butte des Morts and later at Great Butte des Morts, and from this event these mounds are said to have taken their names." Marin, with the usual mendacity of man hunters, is said to have reported the destruction of the whole tribe. Various dates from 1725 to 1746 are assigned to this affair, but whatever there was of it in all probability occurred in connection with the campaigns against the Foxes, resulting in the migration of both the Sac and Fox tribes to the Wisconsin River in 1746.

leader to recover the fields of his people and the graves of their fathers from the desecration of insolent and illegal squatters.

For nearly twenty-five years after Saukenuk became the center of the Sac population, the Foxes clung to their ancient haunts at Prairie du Chien.¹ The most conservative of all tribes, they have contested every lake and river from the St. Lawrence to the Iowa with the superior forces which have attended their fate. But it is interesting to note the recuperative power of these people after the hard lot which befell them on their expulsion from their old hunting-grounds in the country tributary to the Green Bay, and if French traders and hostile Indians are to be believed, the men among them who were able to bear arms were almost exterminated at the ill-fated battle of Butte des Morts, the Hill of the Dead. But a few years span the period between youth and manhood—old age lingers in the twilight while youth approaches with fleeting feet—and about the patches of corn and beans and along the river banks at Prairie du Chien, the young sons of Fox mothers, who had escaped the bullets of the French and the scalping-knife of their allies, sprung into strong and intrepid warriors in a few brief years. In 1763 the number of men in the Fox village was reported as three hundred and twenty;² in 1782 the chiefs and head men consorting at Michilimackinac were two hundred³; and in 1787 Joseph Ainsée found three hundred Foxes (men) in a village on the Mississippi near the mouth of the Wisconsin.⁴

After leaving Prairie du Chien, the Foxes established themselves on the west side of the Mississippi River in the region around Dubuque, and this remained the focus of their population until 1830, when an incident occurred which caused them to move down the river to the vicinity of Davenport. The Foxes had been at war for several years with the Sioux and the Menominees. In the

¹ Wis. Hist. Col. XII., 87, 88—The Foxes are supposed to have finally deserted Prairie du Chien about 1790, although they had villages down on the west bank of the Mississippi many years before.

² Sir William Johnson, Bart., Nov. 18, 1763. N. Y. Col. Hist., Vol. VII., 583. Lieut. James Gorrell's Journal, Wis. Hist. Col., Vol. I., p. 32, 1762, reported 350.³

³ Wis. Hist. Col., XII., 60.

⁴ *Ibid.*, X., 90.⁵

⁵ The above reports on Fox population are probably as reliable as any estimates ever made, but 300 warriors at these periods no doubt represented a total population of as much as two or three thousand. On April 13, 1786, Montreal traders in a memorial to the Government reported the men of the Fox tribe as 1,400, but this must be regarded as wholly unreliable. They were requesting goods for the Foxes. Report of Lewis and Clark estimates the Foxes at 1,200, of whom 300 were warriors. In 1805, Lieut. L. M. Pike estimated the Foxes at 1,750, of whom 400 were warriors, and the Sacs at 2,850, of whom 700 were warriors. In a message to Congress in 1825, President Monroe estimated the confederated tribes at 6,400, and in 1829 they were reported as 6,600.

winter of 1829, these nations represented to General Joseph M. Street, Indian agent at Prairie du Chien, that they were ready and willing to bury the tomahawk with the Musquakies and requested them to be invited to the agency for that purpose. The Foxes cheerfully accepted the invitation and sent out from their camp at Dubuque their principal chiefs and warriors, who left their implements of war behind, and proceeded up the river to join the tribes in establishing peace. The Sioux had sent out spies to watch their course. On the second night after leaving their village, the Musquakie braves pitched their tents on the east side of the Mississippi, a short distance below the Wisconsin River, and when cooking their evening meal were fallen upon by a band of Sioux and Menominees and cruelly massacred. All their chiefs were slain and but two braves escaped to carry back the message of treachery and death. The Government failed to call upon the Sioux or Menominees to deliver up the murderous band who had used the agent to carry out their treacherous plot, and the crime against the nation and its friendly wards went unpunished. But the surviving Foxes resolved to punish the crime by Indian standards of justice. A half-breed by the name of Morgan¹ was selected chief of the tribe. He formed a war party of the best young men in the village and started on his mission of revenge. The warriors secluded themselves in the bluffs opposite Prairie du Chien, and under cover of night swam the Mississippi and stealthily crept upon their foes now sleeping under the protection of the guns of Fort Crawford, and before the fort could be aroused and the village assume defense, the Foxes slew twenty-eight braves and many women and children in the lodges of their enemies, and successfully made their escape across the Mississippi and back to their camp. For fear of being attacked by an alliance of the Northern tribes, they now moved down the river to the vicinity of Davenport.

THE MUSQUAKIES AND THE NATION.

When Canada and the country north and west of the Ohio passed from the dominion of France to Great Britain in 1763 a period of rest came to the border frontier, and the Musquakies spent a season of comparative peace in the pleasures of the chase and the indolence of camp life. The turn that had taken in New World politics created no greater joy in the homes of English settlers and at English trading-posts than about the lodge

¹ Several of his descendants now live in the tribe, and George Morgan (Ash-e-ton-e-quot), the secretary of the tribe, is of this descent.

fires of the Musquakies. They now counted the sacrifices their fathers had made at Detroit and along the Fox and Wisconsin rivers as having been rewarded by the Great Spirit in seeing the land over which they had contended pass from the possession of their ancient foe, and in their new homes on the Mississippi there was great rejoicing over the successes of their British father.

But the Revolution soon came and with it a confusion of interests that was no less trying to the Indian tribes between the Ohio and the head waters of the Mississippi than to the settlers on the frontier. The British were in command of the military posts of the Northwest, and about these places were huddled the English, and French and Indians friendly to the British cause. British agents were everywhere active in forming alliances with Indian tribes and in bestowing English rum and goods on those who smoked with them the calumet.¹ Much to their surprise, the Musquakies and their allies refused to join in the war against the Americans,² and an English officer reported them as the only Western tribes in favor of the rebels.³ The Sioux, the implacable enemies of the Sacs and Foxes, were hired to keep them in subjection. In 1780 the captain of the fort at Michilimackinac reported that these tribes had taken up the hatchet against the British,⁴ and the enormous expenditure of the Indian department at that place during the preceding year was partly explained to the British governor as occasioned by the large bribes demanded by the Sioux in order to induce them to make threatening demonstrations against these tribes.⁵

We are now far enough removed from the politics of the Revolution and the early years of the Republic to do simple justice to these bands of barbarian friends of the fathers of the Revolution without bedimming the fame of a Virginia colonel or spoiling the chances of an Indiana general in a presidential campaign. Indian traditions are pronounced the most untrustworthy evidence upon which to base history, but it frequently so happens that they are to be taken with no greater allowance than the fictions of glory wreathed about the head of a favorite military hero. Whether from a resentment of the alliance formed by the British with the Sioux and other enemies of their people, or from an aversion to seeing success

¹ Gautier's Journal, 1777-78, Wis. Hist. Col., XI, 100-111.

² Gautier to De Peyster, 126-7; also, De Peyster to Haldimand, 127-9, 132, 134; Wis. Hist. Col., XI.

³ Sinclair to Haldimand, Aug. 3, 1780; Wis. Hist. Col., XI, 159.

⁴ "The Sacks and Renards have taken up the hatchet against us."—*Capt. Mompesson to De Peyster, Sept. 20, 1780.*

⁵ Major De Peyster to General Haldimand, June 8, 1780—*Wis. Hist. Col., XII, 80.*

come to foreign arms on American soil; whether from motives of the basest selfishness or from the love of that liberty which is the darling dream of the savage in battle or in the chase, the Sacs and Foxes voluntarily cast their fortunes with the Americans, and were temporarily diverted from their purpose on several occasions only by the most corrupt and strenuous efforts of the British. They played little part in the active hostilities of the Revolution, but their mission proved to be a far more important one. Besides furnishing Americans in the West with bullets from their lead mines on the Mississippi, the Sacs and Foxes neutralized the influence of the British among the Western tribes and saved the country from a general uprising of Indians between the Ohio and the Mississippi. Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia, and Thomas Jefferson realized the importance of the Americans establishing military stations in this part of the country, and in 1778 Col. George Rogers Clark was commissioned by Virginia "Commandant of the Eastern Illinois and its dependencies." Clark was a bold and courageous leader, and his movements down the Ohio and across the country to Kaskaskia and the Mississippi were skilfully executed, and during this notable expedition he acted well his part; but the accounts of this military hero, as is too often the case, leave little room for credit to others who made his exploits possible.

The Foxes continued to maintain their principal village at Prairie du Chien and the Sacs at Saukenuk, but bands from each were scattered along the Mississippi nearly as far south as St. Louis, and their runners penetrated far into the interior on the east to learn every bit of news borne through the Indian lines of the stirring events now going on east of the Alleghenies.

On reaching Kaskaskia, Clark learned from rumors that head men from the Sacs, Foxes, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawottomies, and some minor tribes were already as far east as the Illinois River, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to talk with the Long Knives, as the Indians had been taught by the British to call the Americans, and to get a truthful account of the war between the colonies and the mother country. The Indians were invited to a conference at Cahokia, nearly opposite St. Louis, and they cheerfully responded to the invitation. Treaties of allegiance to the American cause were there established between these tribes and the United States. Thrilling accounts are given of the harangues of Clark to the Indians on this occasion, and of daring and heroic deeds of his to frighten the Indians into an alliance.¹ But these

¹ "Winning of the West," Roosevelt, II., 54-57.

stories bear such internal evidence of mendacity as to breathe a suspicion that a more faithful report of the attitude of the Indians would have robbed this military hero of much of the glory and romance which he and unkind friends were wont to wreath about him. Had the Foxes now taken up the war club for the British against the Americans, as they had done in former years against the French, and become the leaders of this motley crowd then wavering between two masters, Clark and his little band would have been welcomed to hospitable graves on the banks of the Ohio instead of meeting these Indians as friends in a peace council in western Illinois; the wilderness would again have been set on fire, and the savage war-cry would have rung through the forests and valleys from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi. With peace among these tribes, the Americans were able to divide the possession of the Northwest territory with the British and to prepare a successful demand for its cession to the United States in the treaty at the close of the Revolution.

During the Revolution the Musquakies were in possession of the lead mines on the Mississippi River known as the Spanish mines, and in 1788 made a cession to Julien Dubuque, granting to him the right to *occupy and work* the mines within a district containing about one hundred and forty-eight thousand acres of land in the vicinity where the city of Dubuque is now situated. In 1810, the year of Dubuque's death, the Indians manufactured from these and neighboring mines 400,000 pounds of lead, and continued to return to them for their supply of bullets until after the Black Hawk war. Here it was that the last war chief of the Musquakies, Ma-tau-e-qua, was born in 1810, and his voice was heard in few councils until the time of his death in 1897, when he did not reproach the white man and vigorously arraign Julien Dubuque for attempting to seize, under the cloak of a Spanish grant, the title to these lands to which the Musquakies had given him the right only to occupy and work.¹

In their political relations with the Government, the Musquakies had been unfortunate, and the Government has equally suffered from the lack of a more open and equitable policy from the beginning with these people and their allies, the Sacs. After Jefferson had purchased Louisiana from Napoleon he hastened to establish peaceful relations with the Indians along the Mississippi and Mis-

¹ Dubuque transferred part of the claim to Auguste Chateau in 1804, but the military authorities of the United States sustained the claims of the Indians from the death of Dubuque until the mines were embraced in the "Black Hawk Purchase" of 1832, and the Supreme Court, 1853, refused to recognize the claims of the heirs of Chateau.



YOUTHS DRESSED FOR THE GAMES.

souri rivers and sought to quiet the title to lands held by the Indians east of the Mississippi, in the Federal Government. William Henry Harrison was then governor of the Indian Territory of Louisiana and Superintendent of Indian Affairs for that district, with headquarters at St. Louis. To him was delegated, in June, 1804, the responsibility of making a treaty with the Sacs who, as Jefferson wrote, "own the country in the neighborhood of our settlements of Kaskaskia and St. Louis."¹ The treaty was made on the following November 3, and included the Foxes, who were recognized as holding two-fifths interest in the possessions ceded east of the Mississippi, but the remarkable phase of this first and very important treaty with these two tribes is that there is strong probability that not a single Fox or Musquakie was within a hundred miles of St. Louis at the time the treaty was made, and that of all the chiefs and warriors of the two tribes the instrument bears the signature of but four Sacs and one half-breed,² the former of whom, as Black Hawk asserted and as the Sacs and the Foxes have always affirmed, had been dispatched to St. Louis in the autumn of that year to plead for the freedom of a Sac who was being held at that post on the charge of murder. The account of this treaty as given by Black Hawk is so representative of the Indian version of the case that it may well be here incorporated to throw light on the first and perhaps greatest mistake, not to say blunder, made by our Government in dealing with these people³:

"One of our⁴ people killed an American, was taken prisoner and was confined in the prison of St. Louis for the offense. We held a council at our village to see what could be done for him, and determined that Quashquame, Pashepaho, Ouchequaka, and Hashequarhiqua should go down to St. Louis, see our American father, and do all they could to have our friend released by paying for the person killed, thus covering the blood and satisfying the relations of the murdered man. This being the only means with us for saving a person who had killed another, and we then thought it was the same way with the whites.

¹ American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I. 693.

² Quashquame was a Sac village chief and signed several subsequent treaties on behalf of the Sacs; Pashepaho was a Sac war chief whose identity is likewise discovered as late as 1842; from Black Hawk's testimony and from tradition, Ouchequaka and Hashequarhiqua also appear to have been Sacs, but their rank is unknown and they do not appear in any subsequent treaties; Layouvis bears a name indicating French rather than Indian origin, and was probably a half-breed who may have been attached to either tribe.

³ In weighing Black Hawk's testimony, it is well to remember that he was thirty-seven years old at the date of the treaty and the time of the events he relates, and was then a conspicuous character in the village at Saukenuk.

⁴ Black Hawk habitually used "our," "we," and "us" in referring to the Sacs, but referred to the Foxes as such, just as he would have referred to the Sioux or any other tribe.

"The party started with the good wishes of the whole nation, who had high hopes that the emissaries would accomplish the object of their mission. The relations of the prisoner blacked their faces and fasted, hoping the Great Spirit would take pity on them and return husband and father to his sorrowing wife and weeping children.

"Quashquame and party remained a long time absent. They at length returned and encamped near the village, a short distance below it, and did not come up that day, nor did any one approach their camp. They appeared to be dressed in fine coats and had medals. From these circumstances we were in hopes that they had brought good news. Early the next morning the Council Lodge was crowded, Quashquame and party came up and gave us the following account of their mission:

"On our arrival at St. Louis we met our American father and explained to him our business, urging the release of our friend. The American chief told us he wanted land. We agreed to give him some on the west side of the Mississippi, likewise more on the Illinois side opposite Jefferson. When the business was all arranged we expected to have our friend released to come home with us. About the time we were ready to start, our brother was let out of the prison. He started and ran a short distance when he was SHOT DEAD!"

"This was all they could remember of what had been said and done. It subsequently appeared that they had been drunk the greater part of the time while at St. Louis."—*Autobiography*, pp. 22, 23.

To one familiar with the dilatory methods of these Indians, their stubborn resistance to every encroachment, and their religious superstition to affixing their names to any document, it is inconceivable that time sufficient should have elapsed between the 27th day of June and the 3d day of November for the receipt of the Washington orders at St. Louis, the dispatch of messengers among the Sac and Fox bands between St. Louis and the Wisconsin River, tribal and intertribal councils where the important questions involved should have been discussed and determined, and competent representatives returned to St. Louis to conclude the treaty. Nay, more, that they should have consented to dispose of their almost undisputed possession of the rich valleys and prolific hunting-grounds between the Illinois and the Wisconsin rivers, embracing about fifty millions of acres, on the *first* proposition made to them, and that, too, for the paltry sum of an annuity of one thousand dollars, or that the head men and warriors of both tribes, numbering several hundred, so fond of display and quick to seize every opportunity for recognition and favor, should have deliberately delegated but five of their number to make the journey to St. Louis and transact this important piece of business, no one familiar with their character and history will be disposed to affirm.

From the time of the Revolution until the War of 1812, the Sacs and Foxes maintained peaceful relations with the United States and extended a cordial hand to honest adventurers and settlers. In 1803, Lewis and Clark reported them "extremely friendly to the whites,"¹ and Jefferson, referring to them, thus positively declared, "They have always been peaceful and friendly." But the fatal error of the governor of Louisiana in driving a sharp bargain with a few drunken² and irresponsible members of one band was sure to cost his nation dearly. No sooner was the treaty of 1804 ratified and the news spread among the Indian tribes than the Pottawottomies and others began to lay claims to parts of the territory ceded by the Sacs and Foxes, and a few years later the United States was compelled to make treaties with other tribes, granting them large annuities for small parts of the land Governor Harrison had taken from the Sacs and Foxes for an annuity of one thousand dollars.³ When the treaty was proclaimed both tribes repudiated it, and, although they had been the mainstay of the colonists in the West during the Revolution, as soon as the War of 1812 broke out they threw themselves on the side of the British, and for several years were a deadly menace to the Americans along the Mississippi and its tributaries. In the treaty of Ghent between the United States and Great Britain at the close of the war, it was especially provided that each nation should put an end to hostilities with the Indian tribes with whom they were at war. James Monroe, then Secretary of War, on March 11, 1815, commissioned William Clark, governor of the Missouri territory, Ninear Edwards, governor of the Illinois territory, and Colonel Auguste Chateau,⁴ to conclude treaties of peace with the Sacs, Foxes, and many other tribes of the Northwest. The commission took up headquarters at St. Louis and designated Portage des Sioux, a point a few miles above the confluence of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, as a convenient place for assembling the tribes. Almost immediately upon their arrival they reported to the Secretary of War evidence of continued hostility on the part of the Sacs and Foxes of the Rock River, thus distinguishing the main body of the

¹ American State Papers, Indian Affairs, I., 711.

² Pashepaho, one of the five signers, was called The Stabber, and is frequently referred to in accounts of the period as a drunken, murderous debauchee. Tradition relates that Quashquame received a barrel of whiskey on this visit to St. Louis and had a good supply of it with him on his return to camp. Black Hawk made a similar charge.

³ United States Statutes at Large, VII., 147, 320; Black Hawk's Autobiography, 79.

⁴ One of the witnesses to treaty of 1804, and the same person to whom Dubuque illegally transferred a large part of the Fox grant in the same year.

tribes from a small band which had located on the Missouri River. Letter after letter reached the office of the secretary, giving it as the opinion of the commissioners that these tribes would not recognize the authority of the United States and urging a strong military movement against them. Many depredations and murderous sallies against American settlers were reported in the Sac and Fox country. The principal chiefs and warriors of the two tribes refused to accept an invitation to a conference with the commissioners, and the few stragglers from these nations, appearing at Portage des Sioux, treated the commissioners with the utmost insolence and contempt.

The cause of the Sacs and Foxes taking up arms against the American people in the War of 1812, and of their refusal to treat with the commissioners of the United States was now plain, and is fully apparent in the correspondence between the commissioners and the War Department, as also in the treaties afterwards made.¹ The treaty of 1804 had been brooded over about the lodge fires of the two nations ever since the bleak November day when Quashquame and his companions returned to tell the melancholy tale of the sale of their homes and the fate of their brother, and when British agents carried the war belt among the Western tribes they found the Sacs and Foxes naturally eager to again take up the hatchet with their old allies against an enemy they had befriended and trusted, as they thought, to their own ruin. And now when the war was over they were slow to acknowledge the defeat of their British father, and saw little to hope for in re-establishing friendly relations with the Americans. But the appeal to arms had failed, and the logic of events forced the Indians to finally realize that their only hope lay in their acceptance of the terms offered them by the commissioners, and they were compelled to "assent to, recognize, establish, and confirm the treaty of St. Louis," without any further attempt on the part of the Government to redress the grievances which they had suffered, thus permanently fastening upon them the treaty of 1804.

This is, indeed, a sorrowful chapter in the annals of our history, but the full measure of retribution for the treaty of 1804 did not come until, in 1832, Black Hawk, jaded and harassed to desperation by the indignities heaped upon his followers by a lawless vanguard of frontiersmen, again crossed to the Illinois side of the Mississippi to raise a crop of corn with the Pottawottomies and Winnebagoes for his half-starved people, in the hope, as there is

¹ American State Papers, Indian Affairs, II., 7-10, United States Statutes at Large, VII., 135, 141.

reason to believe, of reclaiming Saukenuk the following year. Here fate pursued the savage through the wilderness and haunted the settler and the soldier in every quarter. The cowardly assault of Stillman's men upon a flag of truce and the wanton murder of one of its bearers,¹ precipitated a war as defenseless as it was cruel, and placed a price in treasure and blood upon the cessions of the treaty of 1804 of which its author little dreamed.

The chiefs and warriors of the Foxes, like Keokuk, one of the chiefs of the Sacs, did not approve of Black Hawk's crossing the Mississippi, and, as a people, held aloof from the war. The few Musquakie adventurers who joined Black Hawk during the fight, did so on their own responsibility, but when the treaty of peace was made we again behold the imperialism of the soldier grasping for more land, and the land of the Foxes confiscated as freely, by the arbitrament of a war in which they had no part, as the land of the Sacs.²

The Federal Government was now pressing a policy with these nations, uncertain in every particular except in its purpose to wrest from them every foot of soil they possessed and leave them to shift for themselves in a struggle with arid land and hostile tribes beyond the Missouri. What land was left them after the confiscation³ of 1832 was reached for in 1836, but only 1,250,000 acres obtained. Six years later the Government again pressed its suit for land, and swept from them the last acre of their fertile valleys in Iowa. But the years following the treaty of 1804 had been filled with bitter experiences, and in them the Government as well as the Indians learned wisdom and moderation. The treaty of 1836 awarded the Sacs and Foxes \$177,000 in cash, goods, implements of industry, and the payment of debts, and \$200,000, in a permanent trust fund bearing an annuity of five per centum; while the treaty of 1842, besides providing a reservation beyond the Missouri River, gave them more than \$1,000,000, of which \$800,000 was likewise vested in a trust fund. In these latter treaties we see the broader, fairer, and more intelligent policy of the Government toward the natives of our soil, even while the administration of Indian affairs was in the hands of the War Department, and it is noteworthy that the two important treaties here referred to bear the signatures of a large number of chiefs, head men, and warriors, the Sacs signing for the Sac nation and

¹Wis. His. Col. VII., 320, X., 157, XII., 237-9, 263. Autobiography of Black Hawk, 96, 166.

²Preamble, Treaty 1832, U. S. Statutes at Large, VII., 374.

³Only part of the land ceded in the treaty was taken as the right of war; the rest was paid for.

the Foxes for the Fox nation. A treaty such as William Henry Harrison submitted to the Secretary of War in 1804, and he to Jefferson, who transmitted it to the Senate for approval, at this later period would not have passed the head of the department, and to-day no agent in the field would venture to submit such a document to his superior. The Christian doctrine of universal brotherhood was working its way into our civilization, and the doctrine of the bully and barbarian, that "the most ultimately righteous of all wars is a war with savages," was fast retreating into the jungles of the beast whence it came.

DISSOLUTION OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Forces from without and internal dissensions were fast preparing the Sacs and the Foxes for a social dissolution of the confederacy formed a century before by their fathers on the rivers of Wisconsin. The treaty of 1842 provided that both tribes should move west of the Missouri River in three years, and a reservation was assigned to them in Kansas. Again were to be repeated the pathetic scenes so often enacted in the drama of our frontier life—the extinguishment of the lodge fires, the forming of the calvacade, the last farewell to the graves of kindred, and the solemn march of destiny toward the setting sun. When the last treaty was signed, a new epoch dawned in the history of the tribes, and it is scarcely probable that either Keokuk or Poweshiek was more than semiconscious of its significance. The interests which had held the tribes together for more than a hundred years had passed away with their conquest by the superior race; the bonds of union were loosened by the extermination or suppression of hostile tribes, and all their possessions, except an untried reservation west of the Missouri, were transferred to a trust fund held by the Government. In all the years of the confederacy each tribe maintained its individuality, and the chief of neither ever assumed the chieftanship of both. Black Hawk and Keokuk were as boastful that they were Sacs, as Wapello and Poweshiek were proud that they were Foxes, and the years that follow witness the gradual separation of the two peoples, the social dissolution of the confederacy.

The future welfare of the Musquakies now depended solely on that species of statecraft dubbed "diplomacy" among the greater nations of the earth, but the cunning Foxes had practiced the art long before their chiefs and warriors began to treat with representatives of our Government. No minister about the court of St.

¹ Roosevelt, "Winning of the West," III., 45.

James can be more suave in Britainizing a new ambassador from America than a Musquakie chief in deluding his conqueror with soft words. A master in protestation, he can equivocate, evade, and dilate in such profusion of simple graces as to entitle him to high rank in the noble art of lying for the good of one's nation. We have an example of the Musquakie art as early as 1726. M. de Lignery had assembled the Foxes, the Sauks, and the Winnebagoes in a conference at Green Bay, to demand of them, in the name of the king of France, that the unjust wars which they were waging against the Illinois should cease. The Sauks and the Winnebagoes, in direct and unequivocal terms, yielded to the demand, but the chief of the Foxes, who had been the aggressors in the wars against the Illinois, evaded the Frenchman with this soft reply: "Since the Grand Onothio, the King, extends his hand to us, to signify this day that he wishes truly to pity us, our women and our children, thus, my Father, I give you to-day my word; although our young men are at war, I expect to gain them over." How well this feeble expectation was realized is told in the sad story of the Illinois, whose warriors numbered from four to five thousand at the time it was expressed, and in less than a century had been reduced to *thirty*, mainly by the wars waged against them by the Foxes and their allies.

But now all depended on their art, and the story of how they outwitted secretaries and turned the policy of the Government from active hostility to toleration and finally to favor, and re-established themselves in Iowa on a patch of the very soil they ceded to the Government in 1842, is unique in the annals of our Indian history.

The Musquakies loved their Iowa. When first they floated out of the mouth of the Wisconsin and down the Mississippi in search of rest, their canoes touched the west bank of that majestic stream at a beautiful spot suitable for landing, somewhere between McGregor and Dubuque, and those in advance cried out to their companions, "I-o-way" (*this is the place*), and thus they christened the State. And so they loved to linger by their lodge fires even after the strong hand of the Government pointed them westward. After Keokuk and Appanoose moved to the Des Moines River, Poweshiek kept watch by the banks of the Iowa where now the university of the State and a city bearing its name repose. When again the strong hand pointed them westward, Poweshiek and his people lingered by the waters of the Des Moines after Keokuk and the Sacs had extinguished for the last time their lodge fires east of the Missouri, and the march of the Musquakies westward was with slow and uncertain pace, as if fate was beckoning them back to the

land of their birth and the graves of their fathers. But the soldier stood in the rear of this retreating column, and they pressed forward to unwelcome abodes only for fear of a harder fate.

After the chase of 1847 the last of Poweshiek's band crossed the Missouri to join their brethren. The faithful squaw pitched the tepee and planted the corn, but earth refused to yield of her abundance as she had done in the valley of the Iowa. Nature now conspired with sentiment and tradition to make the Musquakies unhappy. The children grew sallow, sickened and died in the feverish climate of the new reservation, and the specter of the plain made many a sturdy warrior its victim. A few autumnal suns tinged the leaves with golden hues and the great chief Poweshiek was gathered to his fathers. The women wept over the desolation of their lodges, and the old men and braves assembled in secret councils to make propitiations and to invoke the guidance of the Great Spirit. Poweshiek, under the spur of the Government, had led them out of a land of plenty, but it was not his happy lot to lead them back again. His death brought to the head of his people a young chieftan, incapable of leadership, and the counsels of the nation now devolved upon a few elders of the tribe. For several years small bands had made excursions back into Iowa, but in 1853 a general movement of the tribe was determined upon, and that winter witnessed smoke again ascending from the wigwams of the Musquakies along the banks of the Iowa.

At first a few false rumors disturbed the quietude of the settlers, but their fears were soon allayed by the peaceful mission of their visitors. Many of the warriors were personally known to the log-cabin pioneers of the Cedar, the Iowa, and the Des Moines river valleys. The little bands that had returned to Iowa a few years before had been conducted beyond the Missouri by military escort, and the elders of the tribe now adopted measures to prevent a recurrence of Federal interference. Friendly relations were at once established with every settlement within their reach and the most rigid tribal discipline was enforced to prevent depredations or disturbances by reckless members of the band. Prominent citizens were waited on and their good offices sought, and the master-stroke of Musquakie statesmanship was reached when a successful appeal was made to the State itself, and their residence legalized in a special act of the legislature in 1856, further requesting the Secretary of War to pay the Indians their annuity in their new home.

This sudden turn in Musquakie diplomacy outwitted the Federal authorities, and the secretary refused to honor the request of the Iowa legislature. The Indians resolved to forego all things, endure



all things, to accomplish the object of their desire, and sent out from their village near Iowa City five of their trusted leaders, in the spring of 1857, to find a place where the Musquakie could pitch his wickiup, smoke his pipe in peace, and be at rest. When the last annuity had been received, small pieces of silver had been carefully put aside, their relatives and friends yet remaining in Kansas sent pledges of help, and those who had no money sold beads or a pony to contribute their share to the tribal fund required for the first purchase of land. After visiting many of the old haunts of the tribe, the commissioners selected a beautiful locality on the Iowa River, in Tama County, near a spot where once they had given battle to the Sioux, and purchased eighty acres of land for one thousand dollars, and here they chose to cast their lot with the white man, in an unequal contest in life. Busy scenes now engaged the Musquakies, and runners carried the good tidings to their friends as far away as Kansas. Their dead were reverently borne from distant places and buried with solemn and impressive ceremonies in the bluff in plain view of their new home, and the warriors of the Musquakies fell on their knees by the graves of their kindred and kissed the earth in gratitude to the Great Spirit for his goodness toward them. The valley below was soon bedecked with new tepees and enlivened with feasts and dances and the sound of the lover's flute. Nature and her children were again living in sweet accord, and the paleface had plighted his faith so long as the Indian should keep his vows. While peace thus dwelt in the breast of the Musquakie warrior, his body was pinched from hunger and cold, and his soul was sad for his women and children. The Secretary of War had been rigorous and exacting in his dealings with these children, and the Secretary of the Interior was scarcely less obstinate in clinging to precedents erected upon what has since seemed to have been partial and prejudicial evidence, and for many long winters the Musquakie warriors saw their women and children fade and die from hunger and cold, and they suffered the crime of their paternal Government in silence. But in 1866 the citizens of Iowa volunteered to espouse the cause of the Indians, and the following January the secretary ordered an annuity payment. In the fall of 1859, Mau-me-wah-ne-kah, the chief of the Foxes, and some of his people joined their Iowa friends, and when the first census was taken in 1866, two hundred and sixty-four persons were enrolled in camp, and some of the tribe were then hunting and trapping in other parts of the State and a few remained by the lodges of the Sacs in Kansas. Immediately after the first payment, the secretary again ordered the Indians to remove to Kansas and notified them that no more pay-

ments would be made in Iowa. This ruling was reversed in the following March by an act of Congress recognizing their legal residence in Iowa and directing the payment of their annuity in their new home. Between the annuity payment and the act of Congress referred to, a new treaty was made between the confederated tribes and the Government, by representatives of the Indians remaining on the reservation in Kansas, by which the treaty of 1842 was in part abrogated. Like the first treaty with these tribes, this new one bears but few names, seven in all, and they chiefly the names of the Sacs; and further, like that first unfortunate document, the treaty of 1867 was sure to cause endless trouble between the tribes and the Government. The chief, counselors, and at least three-fourths of the Fox nation were at that time residing in Iowa, and have ever since maintained that notice of the proposed treaty had not been given them.¹ It is curious to note that the first and last treaties with these confederated tribes were signed by so few persons, five and seven respectively, and these chiefly Sacs, while in all other important treaties, the chiefs and head men signed in large numbers, the Sacs for the Sac tribe and the Foxes for the Fox tribe. At the close of the War of 1812, each of these nations entered into a treaty of peace with the United States independent of the other, the Foxes in 1815 and the Sacs about a year later. The treaty of 1824 was signed by six Sacs and four Foxes; that of 1825 by thirteen Sacs and sixteen Foxes; the one of 1830 by fourteen Sacs and fifteen Foxes; and the treaty of 1832, at the close of the Black Hawk war, by nine Sacs and twenty-four Foxes; the treaty of 1837 by eleven Sacs and twelve Foxes; while the treaty of 1842 bears the signature of twenty-two Sacs and twenty-two Foxes. In consequence of the contentions growing out of the treaty of 1867 and the rulings of the Secretary of the Interior unfavorable to the Musquakies, both tribes for many years have retained attorneys in Washington to represent their claims against the Government and against each other, and, although Congress has three times attempted to redress the grievances presented by the Musquakies, important claims are still pending.

The ill-success of our Government in dealing with the Musquakies is not characteristic of the tribe, but unfortunately has been common to many tribes, but the cause of the failure in this particular instance seems to be plain and unique. In the first treaty the Musquakies were bound by a treaty made in the name of a confederacy which then really existed but with whose act they had no part, and in the last treaty the Government recognized a con-

¹ Maj. Leander Clark, then their agent, assures the author that no notice was given the Foxes in Iowa.

federacy that had *de facto* ceased to exist a decade before the treaty was made. The social union of the Sacs and Foxes had really ceased to exist as soon as the treaty of 1842 was signed. It lingered in broken form a few years longer, but had passed beyond recognition prior to 1867. The legal partnership had not been dissolved and a distribution of property made, but complete and permanent separation had taken place, and the two peoples were again two nations, as distinct in all that pertained to their Indian life as they were when arrayed against each other at Fort Detroit. It was the failure of our Government to appreciate this significant fact that has made the Musquakies the most conservative of their race and multiplied the difficulties of imposing upon them the forms of a civilization they suspicion and which they do not want.

CUSTOMS AND RELIGION.

In customs, habits, traditions, and religion, the Musquakies of to-day are perfect representatives of their ancestors of centuries ago. Except in the few changes that have been wrought by new economic conditions enforced upon them, their life along the Iowa is a reproduction of what was seen by the Jesuit fathers in the Green Bay country in the seventeenth century, and by Lieutenant Pike along the Mississippi in 1805. The spectacle of Indian life as presented in their camp is picturesque, compared with its surroundings, but sad and melancholy. An old war chief, a prisoner of the civilization that surrounds him, whose service to his people in these days of enforced peace no longer lays in the swiftness of his feet or his prowess in wielding the war club, tomahawk, and scalping-knife, has assembled about him a group of boys and young men who listen to his stories of the past with an intensity that tells me that the old man is living over again the days of his youth and reveling in the memories of his fathers as he, too, has listened to their tales by camp-fires on the banks of the Mississippi, the Rock, and the Des Moines rivers. In the evolution of tribal politics peace has wrought a mighty change. By the customs of the fathers, in time of peace the warrior has voluntarily retired from the leadership of his people and the orator and the diplomat has become the head of the nation. The age of Ma-tau-e-qua has gone forever, and the age of Push-e-to-neke-qua has come, and come to remain until the last trace of Musquakie blood has lost its reddened hue in the pallor of a mightier race. In this epoch the aged warrior is a simple counselor and teacher of tradition. His tales are like strange dreams reflected from some enchanted hunting-ground to the youths about him, and the materials for



WINTER LODGES AS BUILT BY THE FOXES, SACS, AND CHIPPEWAS.

their parts stand in sharp contrast to the outlines of peace and industry that have surrounded the camp since the birth of the present generation. Within the confines of camp life the youths behold the actors and every part of the paraphernalia for a realistic and spectacular reproduction of the drama of the plains, as narrated in monotone and pantomime by the aged tragedian before them, but the environment of that thing which we call civilization, with its fences and roads, school-houses and churches, farm buildings and villages, railroads and electric cars, steam mills and water-power, with bankers, merchants, lawyers, and physicians, with arsenals and militia, and captains and majors and colonels and generals for our heroes, has destroyed the stage upon which the drama was played and so mutilated the scenery as to give a suspicion of incredibility to the narrative of the player and arouse a spirit of skepticism in the traditions and religion of their people among the young men of the tribe, who behold the past only through eyes accustomed to seeing the present.

The wigwam and the wickiup of the Musquakie are essentially the same as those of a hundred years ago, and, on account of its accurate description of what we see to-day, I give a description of their wigwam as seen by a writer in the early part of the century.

"The wigwam we visited was a fair sample of all we saw afterward in the Indian country. It was covered with white elm bark fastened on the outside of upright posts fixed in the ground, by ropes made of barks passed through the covering and tied on the inside around the posts. I should suppose this dwelling was forty feet long and twenty feet wide; that six feet on each of the sides within the doors was occupied by the place where the family slept. Their beds consisted of a platform raised four feet from the earth, resting on poles tied at that height to posts standing upright in the ground opposite each other and touching the roof. On these poles were laid blankets and the skins of deer, bear, bison, etc. These were the beds. Between these beds was an open space, perhaps six or eight feet in width, running the entire length of the wigwam. In this space fires were kindled in cold and wet weather, and here, at such times, the cooking was carried on and the family warmed themselves and ate their food. There was no chimney and the smoke passed out through the roof or out at the doors at the end of the wigwam. On all the waters of the upper Mississippi no better dwelling is to be found among the Indians."

To make the above a perfect description of the wigwam of the Musquakie village as now seen in their Iowa home, one needs but substitute for the skins of deer, bear, and bison, mats of their own

weaving, blankets, and, in some instances, boards for poles, and bark.

But the Musquakie is something of an aristocrat and maintains both summer and winter quarters. The wigwam is his summer lodge. For his winter quarters he uses the wickiup, common to the Chippewas and Sacs, as well as to his own nation. These wickiups are of two general patterns, the oval and the oblong. The oval are from ten to fifteen feet in diameter; the oblong about ten by twenty to thirty feet, and in either case the wickiup is from six to eight feet high in the center. It is covered with matting woven by the squaws from cat-tail flags gathered along the marshes of the rivers. The framework of the wickiup is of slender poles, easily bent, and firmly fastened by the squaws with a rope of bark, and to these is attached a layer, and sometimes two, of the rush matting. When the trunks, hunting sacks, guns, bedding, cooking utensils, and other articles of domestic life are placed about the sides of the wickiup, the medicine-bag and dance gourds tied to the poles in the roof, mats spread upon the ground, an old blanket dropped for a curtain at the entrance, and a cheerful fire blazing in the center of the wickiup, the squaw whose labor has erected the winter lodge feels that her lord is safely protected from the winter's blast. In these homes there is no room for platform or bunk, and the Indians sit, eat, and sleep on the ground.

These Indians have made some progress in their manner of cooking and eating, and cups, saucers, and spoons have been substituted, to a considerable degree, for the primitive wooden bowl and ladle. But these articles have not been entirely discarded and are always brought into service at feasts and special dinners. Changes in their economic life have wrought some important changes in the food supply of the Musquakie larder, and it is certain that the substitution of pork for venison, fancy patent wheat flour for primitive corn meal, and our adulterated foods for native rice, beans, and turnip, has not improved the physique, health, or character of the tribe. They are not now an active and athletic race as their ancestors were. Many of the men and women are disproportionately fat and clumsy, while others are frail and weak and easily fall the victims of consumption. Nearly everything they eat is cooked in lard, and a meal of hot fried cakes, pork, and coffee is all-sufficing. The meal is cooked in kettles and spiders over the open fire of the wickiup, around which the family group assembles when summoned by the faithful squaw. Although the deer, the bear, the buffalo, and the wild turkey have disappeared at the approach of the white man with his horse, dog, and gun, the Musquakies still find along the rivers some animals which

appeal to their primitive tastes as strongly as in olden times, and the skunk, muskrat, and mink are considered dishes as delicious as squirrel, turtle, and coon.

Visitors to these strange people often express astonishment in witnessing dog feasts, which they had formerly supposed existed only in the fancy of writers, but the dog feast is a reality to-day as well as at an earlier period. It is not uncommon for one who frequently visits their camp to witness the killing of a dozen of these animals for a great powwow, or feast, and the day before an occasion of this kind runners of the tribe will ride the surrounding country over in search of the animals. Although not so much depended on for diet as for feasts and sacrifices, the dog is frequently slaughtered for meat when other sources of supply are exhausted.

The disappearance of game from the forests and plains, and the oncome of flocks and the factory have compelled the Musquakies to yield something of their primitive and picturesque garb to the economic changes of the age. But cloth has taken the place of skins, only because the latter are not obtainable and not because of any evolutionary development in the tastes or desires of the people. The Musquakie is still a blanket Indian, and in a majority of cases, a description of the personal habit of one of the warriors who besieged Fort Detroit would be an accurate description of the Indian who still cherishes the customs of his ancient ancestors, although so far removed from them. Nearly all of the elder men of the tribe are attired in moccasins, leggins, breech-cloth, loose-flowing shirt and blanket, with a scarf, predominating in blue or red, carefully arranged about the head, and in the hair are fastened feathers from the eagle. Many of the young men are now adopting essential articles of dress characteristic of the whites, but there are few of them who do not, at some season of the year, appear in the blanket and full Indian costume. In the summer season, and especially at their dances and festivities, the men and youths frequently disrobe themselves of all clothing except moccasins, breech-cloth, and loose-flowing blanket, and appear with their bodies highly decorated in fantastic colors.

The women have made more progress in dress than the men. The squaws are rapidly adopting important articles of dress used by the white woman, and many of them are learning to wear undergarments and substituting hosiery for leggins. But all cling to the blanket, moccasins, beads, and bracelets, and a Musquakie beauty is as proud of the jewelry about her neck and arms as the fashionable ladies of modern society are of their own more costly evidences of ancestral barbarism; brooches, bangles, and circlets,



INTERIOR VIEW OF MUSQUAKIE WICKIUP.

wrought by native hands from shells or German silver, bespangling skirt, sacque, and hair braid, may not be so æsthetic as the passementerie of her fairer sister, but they are used in profusion, and it would be a thankless task to undertake to prove to a Musquakie squaw wherein her jewels and gowns are not the rewards of as high a virtue as those which adorn the ladies of our modern capitals.

Courtship, marriage, and divorce among the Musquakies have undergone little change from contact with the institutions of our States, and the customs of the fathers have been transmitted from generation to generation until they have reached the present in their primeval form. When the springtime comes and the wild apple blossoms kiss and fall in gentle passion on the violet-covered sward, the sweet-scented hawthorn calls the Indian lover from repose and bids him join in nature's revelry, of which he is a part. Indian nuptials are usually celebrated when nature leads her daughters to hymeneal beds, and divorces chill the red man's lodge when the summer's fruitage is tinged with autumn's golden hues, and all proclaim how close to nature's heart the Indian lives.

Courtship among the Musquakies has less romance than poets are wont to sing of dusky lovers. The old-time custom is still generally followed. The young lover ascertains from a relative of the girl whose love he seeks at what place in the wickiup she sleeps. He then goes to her lodge in the night, with blanket drawn over his head that no wakeful eye may detect his identity, and softly steals upon the slumbering maid, unconscious of his approach. He then strikes a match, awakens her, and, drawing the blanket from his face, professes his love. She does not jilt him, she does not encourage him, but tests his love by ordering him to depart. This he does, but if sincere, returns another night, and thus repeats his suit until finally accepted or rejected. If accepted, the marriage is complete, as no ceremony is used and the woman's consent fulfills the marriage vows. In later years, since nearly all the younger members of the tribe can read and write their native language, a free exchange of notes is often used to arrange a secret meeting where the lovers may unfold their hearts and plight their vows. The old and young, divorced and widowed, court alike, and use one or the other mode as suits their tastes.

In their marriages it is not necessary to obtain the consent of parents, chief, or council, although many marriages occur at the early ages of from fourteen to sixteen, and contrary to the testimony of some writers, the groom never consults the intended mother-in-law or propitiates her with gifts. The bride's mother is always informed by her daughter, and generally not until after the

marriage, and the groom then performs a like duty to his parents. If the marriage is pleasing to the groom's family, his mother or sisters, or if these be dead, his nearest female relations, gather together new clothing and jewelry and go to the wickiup of the bride, comb her hair, paint her face, and clothe her throughout with new garments and moccasins, and adorn her with earrings, finger-rings, beads, and other ornaments. They then take the bride to the lodge of the groom's parents, where she is presented with gifts according to the rank and ability of the lodge, and these sometimes include one or more ponies. The bride then goes back to her home and removes her new clothing and ornaments, and resumes her old ones. The new ones she presents to her sisters or nearest female relatives, and the gifts are bestowed upon her mother. It then remains for the bride's parents to do their part, which consists in giving a feast to which the groom and his people are invited. This ends the marriage festivities, and the young people take up life together, sometimes with the bride's family, sometimes with the groom's family, or by establishing a wickiup for themselves.

When a young man loses his wife by death, he cannot remarry until his parents-in-law adopt another girl to take the place of their deceased daughter. This adoption may occur in a year, or it may not occur for several years. During all this time the widower is not permitted to comb his hair, and is required to wear old clothing and blankets. When the adoption takes place, he is sent for; his hair is combed, new clothing is given him, and he is then considered a young man again, with the privilege of marrying at pleasure. But if the parents-in-law are attached to the young man and wish to retain him in the family, they can do so by giving him another daughter. If such an offer is made, the customs of the tribe require that it be accepted.

When husband and wife are unable to live together in harmony, they part, and this is considered a legitimate divorce and both are free to marry again. The property and children are divided by mutual consent, and generally the children go to the mother for the reason that she is considered the better able to care for them.

In their deaths and burials the Musquakies are the most stoical of any Indians of whom we have knowledge. In many tribes mourning for the dead is attended by the most violent lamentations and physical demonstrations, but the bereaved among the Musquakies never weep or display their grief in the presence of others. Not even at the grave is there any outburst of sobs or sighs, but death is treated simply as a solemn fact.

But within the sorrow-stricken home certain forms of mourning are observed. The members of the family blacken their faces in recognition of death, and those who wish to mourn go out alone to some secluded spot in wood or dale where none may see but him to whom their prayer is made, and there with nature and the Man-i-to they shed their grief away. The period of mourning varies from four days to several months. They do not return to the grave to watch and weep, but each returning day before the dawn they seek a lonely spot and here condole their grief until the rising sun dispels the sorrow from their soul. Following this an annual mourning is observed, on the approach of winter, for several years after the death of the beloved.

The Musquakies bury their dead in graves from two to three feet deep and use rough coffins made by those who have the funeral in charge. The coffin is placed in the grave as soon as dug, and the body is borne to its resting-place on a blanket or sheet of matting of Indian weave. It is generally laid in a horizontal position, with the face to the west. After the body has been placed in the grave, certain solemn and impressive ceremonies are conducted by the priesthood of the tribe, and the Great Spirit is called upon to safely guide the departed one over the prairies, through the forests, and across the mystic river to the happy hunting-ground from whose bourn no hunter returns. No sacrifice is made at the grave unless the deceased is a child, and then a dog is killed and placed at the west end of the grave with the head to the westward and feet extending, that it may be a companion to the little one on the long and dangerous path over which he must go.

If St. Paul could visit the Musquakies in their Iowa home, he would probably observe that in all things they are too religious. Religion is their strongest motive, and in its feasts and ceremonies they find their greatest joy. It is to their religion that they ever appeal in support of their mode of life and in opposition to the innovations of schools and the white man's ways. They have traditions of the creation of the world, the flood, and the repeopling of the earth, and their women practice customs that appear to be of Jewish origin. They firmly believe in the immortality of the soul, and many of their religious customs contemplate the future bliss of the disembodied spirit. They also believe in a future state of rewards and punishments, in the good and in the bad, and so seek to order their ways, in strictly observing the Indian traditions and customs, as to create pleasure in the eyes of Ke-che Man-i-to, whom they reverently worship. A curious belief they entertain is that the spirit of their dead does not leave the grave until after the adoption of some person into the family from which the deceased

was taken, and hence the ceremony they call the "adoption." The adoption is merely a religious ceremony and does not imply that the person adopted actually becomes a member of the family. It is attended with a feast, sacred music, a sacred dance, a discourse by one of the priests of the tribe, and the distribution of gifts. These adoptions are the most important ceremonies of the year and begin in the springtime, when the spirits of those who died during the winter are set free to pursue their journey. The person adopted is usually presented with a pony, new saddle and bridle, and dressed in the most gaudy display of Indian garments. An adoption costs the family about thirty dollars, and any property will be sacrificed or future annuity pledged to secure the required funds. On these occasions the Indian men frequently throw aside all garments except the breech-cloth, tattoo their bodies, and indulge in the most vigorous dances.

That the Musquakies are firm in their religious beliefs, their history among Christian races has fully shown, and that they are sincere, no one familiar with their religious life has cause to doubt. In the seventeenth century the Jesuit father, Allouez, established a Christian mission among them near Green Bay, and in *The Relation* records that "of all the tribes they seemed the most averse to the gospel." A few summers ago a national religious meeting was held in a city neighboring to their camp, and the chief was induced to visit a session. The honors of the occasion were shown him, and he was conducted to the rostrum, from which he addressed the delegates in his native tongue, through an interpreter, in this language:

"All of us are not alike. We are different races of people. Of course your God told you what you should do. Our Man-i-to put us here and we are following the ways that he told us. I suppose that is the way you are doing. We were the first race in this land. We are now all here together. You should follow the way the God told you; we will follow the ways our Man-i-to told us. I will never give up my way of worship, the way my Man-i-to told me to do. Our forefathers had followed that way and we still follow it. When our forefathers had their councils and talked with each other before us in the first council, they set the way that we should go and we will not let go of that way. You should follow your ways; we will do the same. There may be some who possibly think that we should follow the Christian ways. We follow it as closely as we think we should, and the Man-i-to will try to always help us. You white people have so many different ways. You have so many ways to follow your religion. We have only one way to worship, and that is the way we were told by the Man-i-to. We follow it yet. You must have lots of ways to follow your religion. We have only the one way and are still following it."

The Musquakies possess an abiding faith in the wisdom of an overruling Providence that is sublime in its conception and child-like in its simplicity. A delegation recently visited Washington to present some claims to the Indian Bureau, and in addressing the Honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Push-e-to-neke-quah, chief of the tribe, gave expression to his faith in the following manner:

"When the Ke-che Man-i-to made the world for us, he made a beautiful cloud and a good earth. We have been thinking about the land we were to live on, and whether we are to remain. The Ke-che Man-i-to thought about his chiefs and that they would always remain here. He did not pick up the clay to play with it. The Great Spirit made the head chief of the world and said to him: 'I think a good deal of my earth, and I give it for you to live on. If any one mistreats you, if any one tries to destroy you, pay no attention to how you are treated. I am the Ke-che Man-i-to, and have control of this world and will look after your people. * * * You need not think of being poor, for I will feed and clothe you from my rich earth.'"



CHIEF PUSH-E-TO-NEKE-QUA.

PUSH-E-TO-NEKE-QUA—Old Face.

Push-e-to-neke-qua, civil chief of the Musquakies and head of their council, was born along the Iowa River, near Marengo, in 1842, the year in which the treaty of the Sac and Fox Indians was made with the United States for the sale of their Iowa lands. In 1847 he went with his parents to Kansas, as provided in the treaty. Both of his parents soon died in the unhealthy climate of the new reservation, but before his death the father gave his young son into the care and keeping of the old chief, Poweshiek, the father's oldest brother, by whom he was adopted. In 1855, Push-e-to-neke-qua came back to Iowa, accompanied by other members of his tribe, and joined those who had previously located along the Iowa River. In 1859, Maw-mewah-ne-kah, chief of the tribe, who had until then remained in Kansas, joined the band in Iowa, and accompanying him across the prairies came a young squaw on a pony, who, two years later, won Push-e-to-neke-qua's heart, and is his present wife. The domestic life of the chief has been an unusually happy one, and many children have blessed his lodge. His wife is good-natured, high-minded, and noble, and this has been one of the few instances in the camp where a man past middle life is living with his first wife.

Push-e-to-neke-qua neither reads nor writes the English language, and speaks the adopted tongue in only short, broken, and simple sentences, but he reads and writes his tribal language well, and speaks his native tongue fluently and with force. He is the orator and diplomat of his tribe. He mingles freely with the whites of the surrounding country, and judiciously courts the friendship and favor of influential men of the neighboring towns. He thus acquires knowledge of men and affairs that frequently surprises those who have dealings with him, and this knowledge, added to his life with nature and his leisure for observation and reflection, gives him an eloquence of speech remarkable for its simplicity, grace, logic, and power.

The unprogressive spirit of the Musquakies and the complications of tribal politics have made this chief more conservative than he is personally inclined to be, but in all things he is nevertheless an Indian, following faithfully the traditions and religion of his people. He understands and comprehends our civilization and political life to a surprising degree, and looks upon the spoils of our partisan politics as a miserable farce in which the Indian has been used to pay bad debts.

After prolonged opposition to education, in which he reflected the sentiment of his people rather than his own judgment, Push-e-to-neke-qua broke away from the conservatism of his tribe in December, 1898, and openly accepted a school which the Government had built for the tribe, and placed his children under its tutorage. For this act he incurred the enmity and active opposition of many of his people, and only the loyalty of the Government to this wise and progressive leader has saved to him his chieftainship among the Musquakies.

THE BURIAL OF A WAR CHIEF.

In the Eastern and New England States the Indian has long since passed into history, romance, and song, and few of the present generation, even in our Western States, become familiar with Indian life as exemplified in the aged Ma-tau-e-quā, the last war chief of the Musquakies.

Some men are born to link the present to the future; Ma-tau-e-quā forged the present to the past, and in him were embodied and emboldened the strongest instincts of his race. Born at Dubuque in 1810, his life almost spanned the history of his people in their dealings with our Republic, and he came into the council lodges of two generations as the representative of a third.

Ma-tau-e-quā was a master of the traditions of his people. He knew the abuses they had suffered and he also knew the weakness of the white man's defense, and when confronted by problems of future interest he invariably reverted to the past. In Ma-tau-e-quā this was more than strategy. It was the outburst of a flame upon which his soul had fed since first he learned from his father, in his boyhood days, of Quashquame and the treaty of 1804, and of Julien Dubuque and the Spanish mines. To Ma-tau-e-quā's mind there would have been no difference between the Government confirming the deeds of Dubuque and the confiscation of the Indian title at the close of the Black Hawk war. The one was illegal and the other unjust, and between the right of law and the right of war Ma-tau-e-quā knew no distinction. "Give me back my lead mines!" "Acknowledge that the treaty of Quashquame was a fraud!" he would frequently demand in fierce and vehement tones, as if presenting the ultimatum of a savage horde that was about to turn loose the hell-hounds of war upon the citizens of Iowa, as their ancestors had done upon the settlements of New France. But Ma-tau-e-quā after all stood for peace. It was his boast that he had never taken the life of a white man and that his tribe had been at peace with the American people since the treaty of 1815. With all his resentment against the Government he never forgot the civility due in the council chamber, and no white man ever approached his wickiup with due decorum who was not greeted with a cordial welcome. In these respects he possessed a native nobility of soul and gentleness unlooked for in one of his age and race.

The old war chief died in the village of his people, along the



MA-TAU-E-QUA,



WINTER HOME OF MA-TAU E-QUA.

Iowa River, at sunrise on the morning of October 4, 1898, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. He had been in failing health for several years and was at last the victim of consumption, a disease largely responsible for a very high death-rate among the people of his tribe.

His death was soon heralded throughout the surrounding country, and prominent men from neighboring towns called at his late wigwam to pay their respects to the memory of an Indian who had been a conspicuous character and familiar figure in Iowa, even before the Territory was admitted to the sisterhood of States, and on the day of his burial the district court of the county was adjourned in order that the judge and members of the bar might witness the strange but solemn rites attending the burial of a war chief among the Musquakies.

Before his death Ma-tau-e-qua selected Pa-to-ka, one of the runners for his band and the giant of the tribe, to have charge of his burial, and gave minute directions as to many of its appointments. These were closely followed, and the ancient Indian customs were religiously observed.

When the death of the chief was announced, Pa-to-ka assembled a few of the principle men of the tribe and prepared the body. Every article of clothing worn during his sickness was removed. He was then dressed in his best moccasins, leggins, shirt, blanket, and head-scarf, and strings of beads and medals were hung about his neck, while the head, face, arms, and chest were painted in fantastic figures, as if the deceased warrior was about to enter the council lodge of the notables of his race.

A rude bier was constructed by stretching a blanket over poles, and over this was spread a new piece of matting, woven by his daughter from rushes gathered along the rivers, and worked into figures of beautiful design and brilliant colors, and on this the body was borne to the wigwam of the civil chief of the tribe, where it lay in state until the hour of burial. The foot of the bier was placed on the ground near the center of the wigwam, while the head rested on the side of a bunk at an elevation of about forty inches, and the face was set to the west. Westward the fate of empire has driven the natives of our soil and to the westward the Indian ever looks for the realization of that happy hunting-ground from which the deer, the elk, and the buffalo shall not be frightened at the approach of the paleface, and from the westward the sentinels of that blissful abode beckoned the spirit of Ma-tau-e-qua. The night before the burial was occupied by the priesthood of the tribe in keeping watch by the lodge fire where the body of their war chief reposed, reciting the stories of his life and in chanting

weird and mournful prayers to the Ke-che Man-i-to for the safe guidance of his spirit to its eternal abode.

The burial took place at one o'clock on the afternoon of the day following Ma-tau-e-quas death, and was attended by many white people from the surrounding country. The curtains of the lodge were thrown back for a short time and the visitors permitted to view the remains. After this they were requested to proceed to the grave, and the Indians remained alone with the body for half an hour or more. What ceremonies transpired within the wigwam during this time we are not permitted to relate. They belong to the unrevealed mysteries of the religion of the Musquakies, and to this day no white man has ever witnessed the secrets of their lodges. When the curtains are dropped and sentinels are on guard, the mysteries of the Musquakies are as secure as if given within walls of stone and brass, and then in a low breath.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at the wigwam, the funeral *cortege* was taken up to the burying-ground situated on the south slope of the high bluff along the north bank of the Iowa River, about an eighth of a mile east of the Narrows, where the Chicago and Northwestern Railway passes between the bluff and the river. The procession halted at the foot of the bluff, and the body of the old war chief was borne along the narrow path through the bushes, up the steep ascent, by six of the strong men of his tribe, and the mingling of autumn hues with the fantastic dress of bier, body, and their bearers in the bright October sun threw a picture on the rough landscape never to be forgotten by those present, and unmatched by brush or pen. The grave had been prepared and a rough coffin placed therein to receive the body. When the procession reached the spot, the body was immediately placed in position. According to an ancient custom, Ma-tau-e-quas was buried in a sitting posture, reclining at a small angle, with his face toward the setting sun, and the grave was just deep enough for the feather in his hair to come to the edge of the ground, and his blanket was rolled back on the shoulders far enough to lay bare his breast. In the coffin were placed a bottle of water, a small vessel containing food, and an Indian handbag in which were many little articles that would be useful on the journey to the happy hunting-ground, and by his side rested his two walking-sticks. Then a lid was placed over the lower part of the coffin, covering the limbs to the thighs, leaving the trunk and head exposed, and over the lid were spread several blankets. All of the blankets and clothing used by the deceased during his sickness were placed in the grave—a custom highly commendable for its sanitary precaution. After the body had been arranged in the coffin, Wa-pellu-ka, an old man



A SNAP-SHOT AT THE BURYING GROUNDS.

who had fought in more than one engagement with Ma-tau-e-qua, delivered an address in the Indian language, and was the first to sprinkle holy tobacco into the grave. In this ceremony he was followed by all the other Indians present, who formed a circle and passed around the grave as they sprinkled the tobacco on the coffin, and one of their number sat by the open grave for several minutes and in a low monotone performed his last sad rites. The tobacco used in their burial exercises is raised by a few of the priests of the tribe, on a small patch of ground set apart for that purpose, and is used only in connection with religious ceremonies.

In this form of burial no ground is put into the grave and none permitted to touch the body. After the body was carefully arranged in the coffin and the above ceremonies performed, a gable roof, constructed of boards, was so placed over the open grave as to protect the body from any contact with the earth which should be used in covering it, and, as if to make doubly sure that the body would not be contaminated, a canvas was spread over the roof which was now enclosed in a crib-work of oak poles, and the angles between the roof and the crib were filled with ground.

After the grave had been finished, Wa-pellu-ka closed the ceremonies with brief remarks in the Indian language. A heavy pole was then erected at the west end of the grave about four feet out of the ground, and on it was painted by the secretary of the tribe a few emblems to characterize events in the life of Ma-tau-e-qua. At the left was painted the picture of a bear, representing the band of the Bear, to which Ma-tau-e-qua belonged, and opposite was painted the picture of an eagle. Under the eagle was the bust of a man, and under this the name of Wa-pellu-ka, written in Indian, and a gun. Wa-pellu-ka belongs to the band of the Eagle. Lower down were drawn five horizontal bars, used to represent an event in the lives of Ma-tau-e-qua and Wa-pellu-ka, wherein they had an encounter with five Pawnee Indians in Kansas, fought side by side for several hours, and left the field with the scalps of their five enemies dangling at their belts. The stake contained, besides these characters, the picture of a Sioux buck and a Sioux squaw, and one bar for each, indicating that Ma-tau-e-qua had killed one of each.

At this point, Pa-to-ka, who was in charge of the funeral, took all the personal effects left by the old warrior, and which had been brought to the grave, and divided them among his associates who had assisted in the burial. The exercises at the grave occupied about two hours.

THE FIRST INDIAN CONGRESS.

"Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He, the Master of Life, descending,"
* * *

"Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together."
* * *

"And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning."

It was a beautiful August morning in the summer of 1898, when the wheat was in the shock and the big ears of corn were beginning to bend toward the earth with the weight of their own richness, when a delegation of the Musquakies composed of chief, counselors, women, and children, left their camp in the central part of Iowa for an uneventful ride of eight hours across the western half of the State, to join the other representatives of Indian tribes under the fostering care of the Federal Government in a great peace gathering at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, at Omaha. I said it was an uneventful ride, but that is true of the writer rather than of the Indians, for to some of them it was like a rebaptism of youth. Soon after we crossed the Coon River I observed two of the older members of the delegation, with car seats facing each other, intensely engaged in conversation, making eager observations from the car window, and gesticulating as if describing some scene of activity of which they had personal knowledge. As we shot through the rough and rolling country beyond the Coon River, they watched every hill and valley with an eagerness that was intensely interesting. The actors in the scene were On-a-wot and Pa-na-na-que, two of the survivors of that powerful nation of aborigines, who, but little over a half century ago, held sovereign right to the best agricultural State of the Union, but are now content to possess only three thousand acres of their former domain. I wondered at the cause of their interest, at their eagerness. Presently On-a-wot beckoned me to a seat beside him and, in broken English, volunteered the explanation:

"Thirty-seven years ago we kill 'em deer here. There (pointing out a spot at the foot of a large hill and by the side of a brook) my



A SNAP-SHOT OF THE PARADE ON INDIAN DAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

wickiup. Me, Wa-pellu-ka, Pa-na-na-que, John Allen, kill deer. Some days one, some days five, kill 'em. Sometimes not kill 'em any. Ride all over here, pony. No fences, no timber, Coon River to Missouri. Thirty-seven years ago me camp here, kill deer, eat 'em. White man now corn all over; no deer, no more creek, just slough. Indian show white man raise corn; white man take land, raise corn all over."

With these reflections on his observations, the Indian drew his blanket up around him, and the conversation ceased, and the wonder is still left with us, What does the Indian think of the civilization of his white brother?

Regardless of how the Indian answers this question to himself, and what his philosophy may be, the event of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition stands conspicuously the most stupendous fact in the history of that magnificent empire lying west of the Mississippi River. Would that the shade of the illustrious Jefferson might have witnessed the significance of the Louisiana purchase! Our text-books have erected mile-stones in history on which are inscribed the expedition of Lewis and Clark, the Conquest of Mexico, the wanderings of the Pathfinder, the victory of national authority over border warfare, the subjugation of the red man, and the triumph of law and order over frontier ruffianism, but no event in the history of the great West is so significant as the great Industrial Exposition of 1898, held in the playgrounds of the Omahas. It was the realization of all and more than Jefferson hoped for. It surpassed the wildest dream of the Pathfinder or the pioneer. It was the most stupendous fact in the history of the people of varied language, customs, color, and blood, who inhabit that vast domain. It was almost as marvelous to the paleface as to the natives of the plains.

One of the most befitting and timely conceptions of the Exposition was the Congress of American Indians. This is the territory of the scenes of his hostile activity. On these Western plains and in these valleys he has fought his last battle in the contest with a superior race for the survival of the fittest. Here he has made his last but hopeless stand, impelled by the intuitive law of self-preservation, for the survival of his race and racial traditions, customs, laws, and religion. Here he has been vanquished in the unequal contest for the sovereignty of the land over which he roamed and the soil from which he gathered his sustenance, and here he has been compelled to swear an eternal and perpetual peace, as a subject or citizen of a nation dominated by another race. When peace came to him and the nation, it settled upon the tents of hitherto hostile tribes of his own race. What was more befitting



GOES-TO-WAR, CHIEF OF THE SIOUX.



**BIG BRAVE,
Present Chief of Blackfeet Indians, as he appeared at Omaha, in
September, 1888.**

than that this era of universal peace between the different Indian tribes and between the Indian race and the nation should have been immortalized at a great peace gathering at Omaha, where the arts and industries of that peace which has settled over the vast empire lying between the Mississippi River and the ocean on the west were spread before him, and he was told to look, to behold the engines of his destruction, the weapons which spread desolation among his people! It was the very irony of fate, and yet it was good. It was a continental drama wherein the children of nature came back to pitch their tents and sing a new song by the waters of the Missouri, on whose banks their fathers wept the bitter tears of desolation. The journey was a melancholy pilgrimage to the dispossessed heirs of the rolling plains and the rich valleys over which they passed to join the Omahas in the playground of their youth, but in the panorama to which they came they saw the only salvation which will prevent the extinction of their race—the arts and industries of civilized life.

Our company arrived at the Congress about five o'clock that afternoon and was the fifth delegation on the ground, several tribes of the Sioux and the Assiniboines having preceded us. As we passed through the gates, the representatives of the Foxes, who for centuries were enemies of the Sioux and had fought their last battle with their own race against that nation, within the memory of some of the old men of the tribes, not far from their present village in Iowa, beheld the kin of their ancient foe for the first time since they had been taught the stories of the treachery and cruelty of those pioneer days, when brave generals set savage hordes of Sioux on bands of helpless women and children,¹ and they stalked by them with a stoicism which disregards fate. What traditions, what legends, what emotions of revenge, pleasure, or fear, concealed beneath features of bronze and breast of steel, must have passed over and through these monarchs of the plains as they thus looked upon each other. The Sioux had entered heartily into the spirit of the gathering. The last to make war against the Government, they were the first and most generous in hospitality. Scarcely had the Foxes reported to headquarters when they were waited upon by a delegation of the Sioux who took them by the hand and in a pantomime of sign language bade them welcome to their camp-fires and tepees. This ceremony was keenly observed and immediately imitated by the other tribes on

¹ General Atkinson gave the Sioux permission to pursue the non-combatants after the battle of Bad Axe, and the old men, women, and children who had escaped to the Iowa side of the Mississippi River and were then half-starved were fallen upon by the Sioux and indiscriminately slaughtered.



LOUISON (Blackfeet).

the ground, and from the first continued to be one of the most charming features of the encampment. These social calls were invariably returned in less than the allotted time required in *élite* society. On several occasions the welcome was made more stately and ceremonious, the hospitable Sioux always leading. On these occasions a band of from ten to fifteen men and women would take a position near the entrance gate, and, as the visitors approached, would chant a weird song of welcome. The sincerity and beautiful sentiment of this ceremony gave lyric harmony and sweet accord to barbaric notes almost attuned to the most inspiring strains of our sacred and national songs, and dull indeed must have been the paleface who witnessed these events of fraternal greeting between the different tribes of the Indian race and failed to comprehend one great purpose of the gathering—peace, friendship, fraternity, love. Forty thousand dollars wasted! A gathering like this a quarter of a century ago would have saved the nation millions and have blessed the Indian race.

One incident alone occurred to mar the free exchange of friendly greetings. The Chippewas and Sioux have been deadly foes since the interests of their ancestors first clashed for possession of the hunting-grounds along the headquarters of the Mississippi. The Chippewa travels in a canoe, the Sioux skims the prairie on a pony; the Chippewa builds his wickiup from bark, the Sioux stretches hides over the poles of his wigwam, and each despises the other and his mode of life. The question had been raised more than once during the first two days of the encampment, What will the Sioux do when the Chippewas come? As it happened, the Chippewas arrived in camp at night and the Sioux were not put to a test as the Chippewas entered the grounds. The next morning the Sioux went about the grounds apparently indifferent to the presence of their ancient and traditional foes. The noon hour passed, and preparations were beginning for the Indian parade. Standing by a friend near the Sioux lodge, I observed three of the Sioux braves, in feathers, paint, and all the paraphernalia characteristic of state occasions, advance toward the lodges of the Chippewas, and we moved in that direction to observe the greeting. The Sioux advanced to within about fifty feet of the wickiup of the Chippewas and there they stood, erect, dignified, and grave. No sign was given, no movement of limb or head. Statuary was never more inanimate. Several of the Chippewas were about the opening of their wickiup, and one was moving about on the outside within thirty feet from where the Sioux stood. No sign of recognition, no invitation sent out from the Chippewas. After pausing for a few moments, which to the observers seemed a long period of sus-



WOLF-ROBE (Arapaho).

pense, the Sioux turned on their heels and retraced their steps. The whole affair was serious, stately, and impressive, but what did it mean? Did the Sioux cherish an enmity toward the Chippewas which was unforgiven? Or was their overture to the Chippewas met with affront? Whatever the conjecture may be, the Chippewas did not enter into the spirit of the Congress as heartily as most of the tribes, and it is a curious coincidence that soon after the Congress a band from this nation engaged in open hostilities with the United States troops in northern Minnesota.

There were in the encampment about seventy-five tepees, wigwams, and wickiups, occupied by over six hundred Indians from thirty different tribes. The Sioux led in representation, having nearly one hundred delegates present from the different agencies at Pine Ridge, Rosebud, Lower Brulés, Standing Rock, Crow Creek, and Cheyenne River. The Omahas enjoyed the distinction of having transferred to the United States, in 1854, the land upon which this Exposition was held, and they were well represented. The Winnebagoes from Nebraska, the Foxes from Iowa, the Chippewas from Minnesota, the Assiniboinés, Blackfeet, Cheyennes, Crows, and Flatheads from Montana, the Navajos, San Carlos Apaches, Jicarilla Apaches, and Pueblos from Arizona and New Mexico, the Iowas, Tonkawes, Cheyennes, Arapahos, Kiowas, Wichitas, Otos, and Sauks, from Oklahoma and the Indian Territory, and Geronimo's band, were among the tribes represented.

I was met on the afternoon of Indian day by a prominent lady of Omaha who was officially connected with the Exposition and she asked, "What is the program at the Congress this afternoon? Will there be any addresses or papers?" Her mistake was a popular one, and yet I do not see any particular reason why history should not record this as the First Continental Congress of North American Indians. True, there was here no vast auditorium in which took place learned discussions on dynamics, didactics, economics, and religion, in the manner of the white race, but here, in the open auditorium of nature, under the starlit dome of a Western sky, these heroes of the plains, these survivors of a thousand battle-fields, in which they contested with each other or against the aggressions of the whites, met in the first assembly of the kind since they became the children of the Republic, and what motions were made and what resolutions passed, when gathered around their camp-fires, will remain a matter of conjecture. But civilization will not suffer from this gathering. Who has read or heard the tradition of one Indian tribe joining with another in a peaceful conclave save for the protection of the waning fortunes of both? In this assemblage were gathered the descendants of war-



GERONIMO (Apacho).

ring tribes who had transmitted from generation to generation the animosities engendered through hundreds of years of fierce conflict for the dominion of the plains, and here these animosities were brought from the four quarters of the continent and buried in one grave, sprinkled o'er with the ashes of peace from the calumet.

It was ninety-five years since Jefferson had purchased Louisiana, and it remained for the closing years of the century to witness the most eventful gathering in the history of the Indian race.

In going to the Exposition many of the Indians crossed the great agricultural plateau between their native haunts and the Missouri River for the first time in their lives. The mere trip was a revelation to them. It aroused their dormant minds to the vastness of the resources of the States through which they passed and to an appreciation of the magnitude of the nation. As a lesson in geography, it was worth half the cost; as a day at school, it will prove cheap tuition; as a disseminator of peace and friendship, its rewards cannot be weighed in pounds of gold and silver. It was not an industrial and school exhibit, but the very antipode of it. The official instruction to agents stated the purpose of the encampment to be an extensive exhibit, illustrative of the mode of life, native industries, and ethnic traits of as many of the aboriginal American tribes as possible, living in family groups in their native tepees, wigwams, or wickiups, and conducting their domestic affairs in the same primitive manner as they do at home. This instruction sought to bring out representatives of the most primitive and unprogressive bands of the different tribes, but was only comparatively successful in this respect. In the beginning, agents frequently met with strong opposition from the very Indians they desired most to send to Omaha, and the invitation of the Government in some cases was spurned, and a more progressive band had to be accepted. After a brief introduction to the White City, our friends proved apt pupils and were generally attentive to the lessons set before them. An Indian coming to the Exposition from the plains did not differ much in his astonishment from a youth from the country, who is hurled for the first time into the heart of a great city. All was wonder and amazement; he was nervous and active, and eager to see what lay beyond. After the tepee had been pitched, the rations issued, and the evening meal cooked over the open fire, the weary traveler was refreshed and ready for a stroll up Midway into the main Exposition grounds, to catch a glimpse of the wonders of the place to which he had been invited as a guest of the "Great Father."

One evening on Midway convinced him that he was no inconsiderate part of the cosmopolitan panorama there thrown against the Western landscape, and he broke through the stoicism of the camp



ASSINIBOINE BRAVE IN WAR BONNET.

and laughed at the clown with other folks. The strangeness of the place was well worn off by the first trip through the grounds in company with some of the Congress officials, and after that the request for individual and group passes were numerous. But the Midway, while always attractive to the Indian, as to his more intelligent and self-conceited white brother, was not his only source of pleasure and interest. Day after day small groups of men and women could be seen, usually in the beginning accompanied by an interpreter, passing slowly through the main buildings of the Exposition and making careful observations of the exhibits. The Government, Transportation, Manufacturers, and Horticultural buildings formed the centers of interest about which they delighted to gather. Here they contrasted the arrow, the war club, and tomahawk with Uncle Sam's modern rifles, Gatling guns, and dynamite mines, and the great war vessels with their little canoes, the only means ever invented by the genius of their race for meeting the enemy on lake or river, and the conclusions of such observations can be safely left with the Indian mind. Here they saw in wagons, carriages, and railroad coaches, the finest and best solutions of the transportation problem which has driven them from river to plain and from plain to river until their hunting-grounds are only tales for the fireside. The looms of the Yankee were marvels to the Navajos and Apaches who had fancied that they held the secret to this important industry in the weaving of their well-famed blankets. The grapes, oranges, peaches, apples, and other fruits and vegetables from the great South and Southwest country caused the Indian to wonder why it is that he, in the same semi-tropical clime and possessed of the same productive soil, does not produce the same luscious fruits, so palatable to his taste and so pleasing to his eye. And likewise his observations were extended to every department of the Exposition. The Indian was learning new lessons, making new observation, getting new ideas, and reaching new conclusions, to fit him for the part he is destined to play in the life of the future, if he survives. Just what his impressions were when he bade his brethren from the South, North, and West farewell and passed out of the gates of the White City to bear the message of civilization to his people, remains the secret of his breast, but he was deeply engrossed in the evidence of peace and industry with which he was surrounded.

At the end of the fiscal year 1897, there were in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, 248,813 Indians and mixed bloods.

Our policy of disintegration and assimilation of the race cost the Government that year \$7,189,496.79, and no one familiar with the condition of the Indian and the work of the Indian

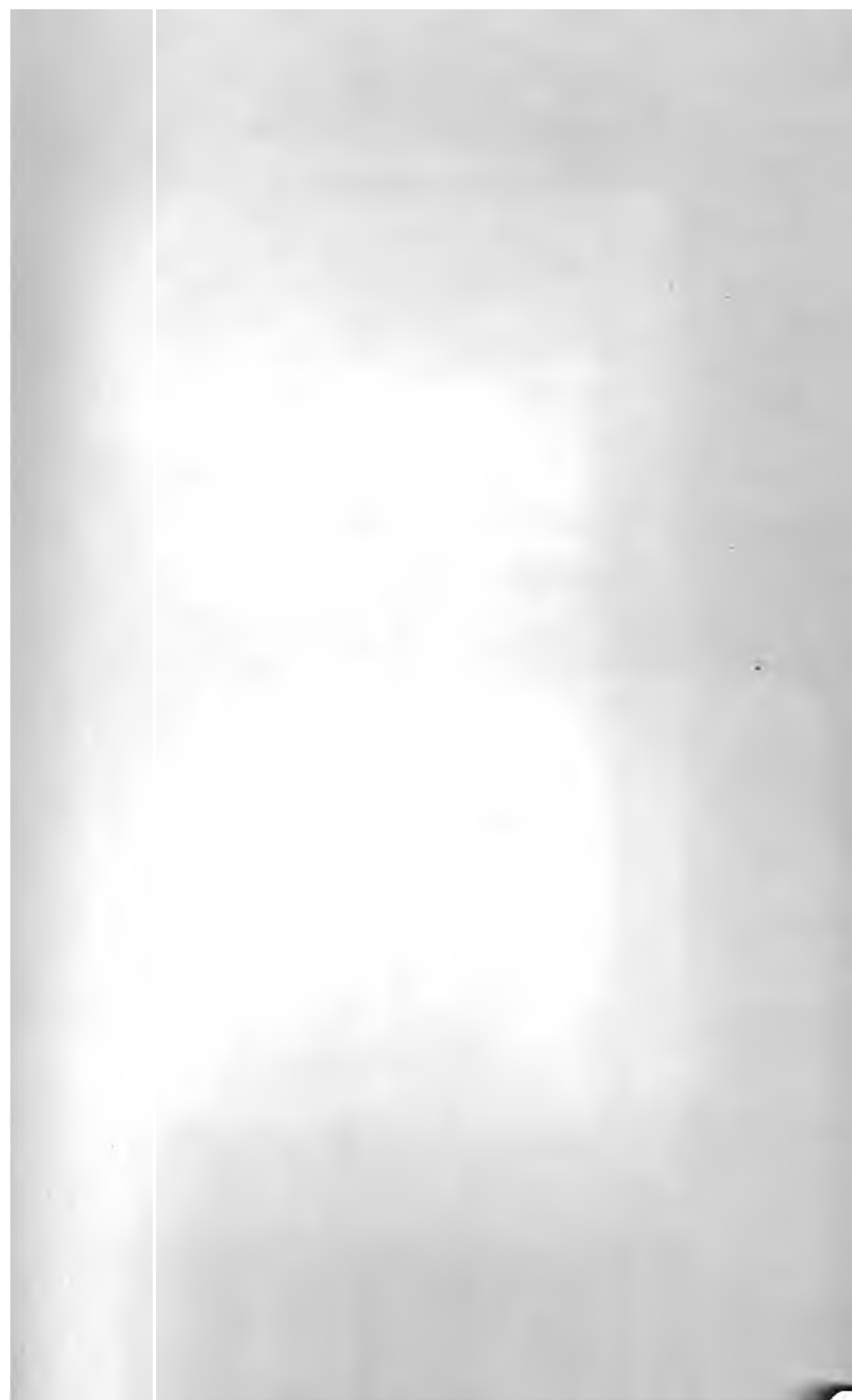


Snake Dance of the Sioux.

Bureau will venture to say when this sum will be reduced. Of this amount \$2,631,771.35 is expended for educational purposes. With this sum the Government was operating 226 boarding-, day-, and mission-schools, with an enrollment of 29,964 children. In 1877 the average daily attendance in the Government schools was 3,598 children; in 1887, 10,520; in 1897, 18,676. Less than one-fourth of the school attendance is at non-reservation schools, such as Carlisle, where the theory of disintegration is urged to a logical and cruel degree. The Indian school service employs 1,774 persons, of whom 37 per centum are Indians, and the representation of Indian employees is annually increasing.

The Indians own 82,770,335 acres of land, or a territory as large as all the States of New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, and enough more to make a State as large as Rhode Island. In 1897 they raised 788,192 bushels of wheat, 805,466 bushels of barley and oats, 1,123,260 bushels of corn, and nearly a million bushels of other grain, and of live stock owned 368,286 horses, mules, and burros, 231,491 head of cattle, 44,650 swine, 1,041,255 sheep, 256,394 goats, and 201,910 domestic fowls. The value of the products of Indian labor sold by the Indians in that year aggregated \$1,031,047, or only a little over four dollars per capita.

Besides their wealth in lands and personal property, our Indians have invested in trust funds with the United States \$32,930,183, which bears an annual interest of from 4 to 5 per cent. The Osage is the wealthiest tribe, and is probably the richest people on the face of the earth. They number 1,729 persons, and they own 1,500,000 acres of land, or 876 acres for every man, woman, and child in the tribe, and they have a trust fund of \$8,250,278 held by the federal government. They are but a remnant of the great tribe with which the Government made the first treaties, and as the tribe decreases, the per-capita wealth increases.





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